

# THE SWAN



No. 29

July, 1963

# Going Our Way?

If you aim to start out on a career (not just to take a job); if you like meeting people (all sorts of people); if you are interested in what goes on around you (and in the larger world outside) then there is much that will satisfy you in our service.

For we provide an amazing variety of banking facilities through an organization of over 2,400 branches—large and small—in the cities, towns and villages of England and Wales and the Channel Islands. We have, too, offices at the leading airports, at the Ocean Terminal, Southampton and in several of the Cunard liners. The Midland is everywhere—in everything. You will find no lack of variety if you join us.

## ► SALARIES ARE GOOD

The basic salary scale compares favourably with any in similar fields. Examples are:—

Age	Provinces	Central London
17	£305	£405
18	375	475
21	440	540
24	565	665
31	930	1030

But do remember that these are only the *basic* figures. Every young man of promise is given practical help and encouragement and those, for example, who move into a Special Grade will receive at least £160 above the figure quoted.

## ► PROSPECTS ARE EXCELLENT

Promotion is based solely on merit (and, moreover, on merit regularly, impartially and widely assessed). Training is provided at every stage to prepare all who respond to it for early responsibility and the Bank's special scheme for Study Leave will be available to assist you in your studies for the Institute of Bankers Examinations. Young men can confidently train to enter branch management (many will reach it while still in their thirties). Salaries in this field range from a minimum of £1,730 to £4,500 a year—and more—according to the level of responsibility attained.

The highest positions in the bank are open to all and at the top are rewards that would satisfy even the most ambitious.

## ► PENSIONS ARE FREE

A non-contributory Pension Scheme brings a pension equal to two-thirds of final salary after full service.

## ► YOU SHOULD HAVE

a good school record (G.C.E. passes at 'A' level); entitle you to one year's seniority on the salary scale, and earn exemptions in certain subjects of the Institute of Bankers Examinations). Sound health, absolute integrity and the will to succeed are also essential.

## ► WE SHALL HAVE

pleasure in arranging for you to have an interview with a District Staff Superintendent at one of a number of convenient centres in London and the Provinces, but please write first to:—

THE STAFF MANAGER

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- Pensions are non-contributory.

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The Staff Controller

**Westminster Bank Limited**

41 Lothbury London EC2

# THE SWAN

THE MAGAZINE OF SLOUGH GRAMMAR SCHOOL

No. 29

July, 1963

## EDITORIAL

The universe. Finite and unbounded, or infinite and unbounded. Oceans of blue-black emptiness. Tiny islands of matter and energy lost in time and space, floating and careering through nothing. Stars millions of times larger, and hotter, than the sun, our sun, emitting energy for aeons; some, visible now, disintegrated centuries ago.

Somewhere, someone, something is watching Homer writing his *Odyssey*, or maybe old St. Pauls burning in the great fire, as the light travels out and away at nearly two hundred thousand miles every second.

The earth like a speck of dust in the Atlantic Ocean, a concentrated pinhead of energy and matter. On the pinhead, a minute rainy little island on the edge of an ocean, supporting fifty million biological coincidences.

A town in the south-east corner of this island, grimy, uncultured, prosperous.

A short narrow road on the edge of the town bordering on a tiny expanse of green herbage. A building of dull red bricks situated amidst piles of more red bricks, and steel girders.

Us.

It is seven whole years since two new wings to the school were completed, solving, temporarily, the problem of overcrowded classes. Now, once again, wet cement, loose scaffolding, and gaping holes make even the briefest journeys between classes hazardous and indirect, not to mention the fascinating diversions open to members of the lower school who possess that uncanny ability characteristic of their age, of becoming involved with even the simplest potential sources of trouble. (There is still much conjecture as to the origin of the peculiar pink tint apparent in the cement in certain areas.)

The winds of change, therefore, after a brief lull, rise again to an almost unprecedented pitch. We can only hope that out of the chaos will ultimately come a certain degree of order, with possibly some improvement—at least, for the next seven years.

M.C.K.

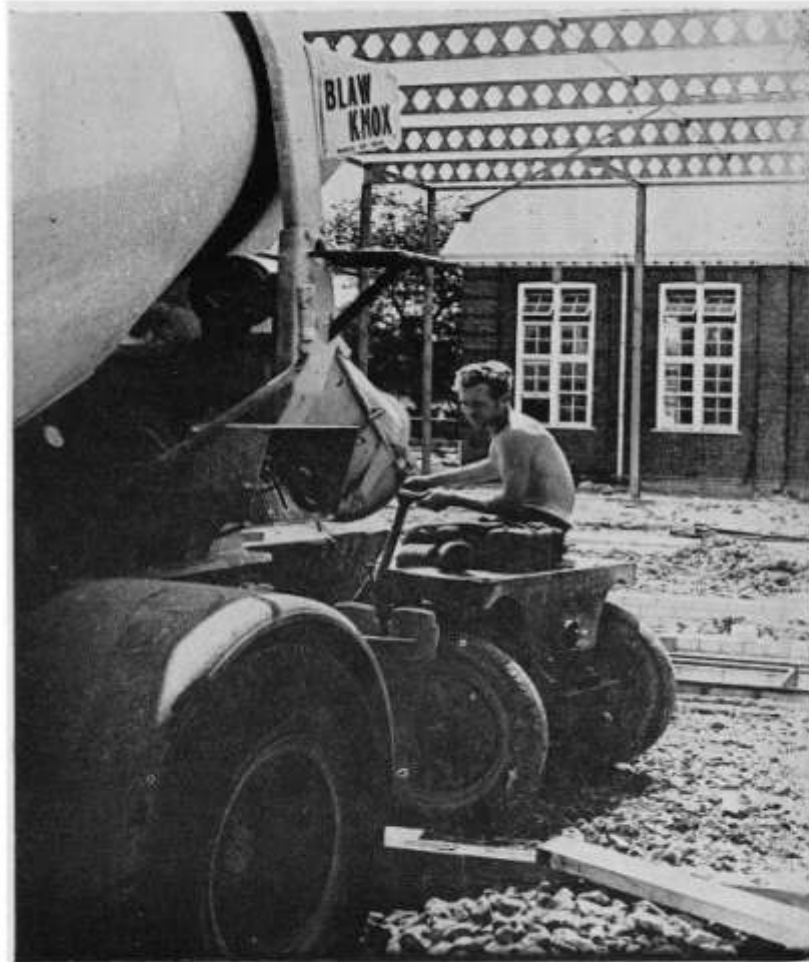


Photo by S. Craver

## SCHOOL OFFICIALS

*School Captain:* C. R. Timms. *Vice-Captains:* C. W. Evans, J. S. LePage.  
*Prefects:* B. Attock, D. Beer, D. Bew, M. Boweren, G. Bull, C. Burley,  
 M. Clarke, R. Fountain, M. Freestone, D. Garner, J. Godber, N. Hearn,  
 B. Higginson, P. Hinchcliffe, B. Hynam, B. Kelley, S. Kochanowski,  
 M. Kolaszynski, R. Loomes, C. Louch, E. Lucas-Smith, B. Malone, A. Mayo,  
 R. Moore, D. Morris, A. Muir, T. Organ, J. Pietron, D. Pratt, D. Ray,  
 P. Sirey, P. Slater, H. Smith, R. Smith, M. Solomon, E. Thomas, G. J.  
 Thomas, J. Virgo, P. Virgo, C. Weightman, D. White-Taylor, M. Willson.

<i>Cricket Captain</i> .....	C. Bass.
<i>Soccer Captain</i> .....	R. Sherlock.
<i>Hockey Captain</i> .....	J. LePage.
<i>Rugby Captain</i> .....	C. Evans.
<i>Tennis Captain</i> .....	B. Kelley.
<i>Basketball Captain</i> .....	G. T. Thomas.
<i>Cross Country Captain</i> .....	D. Beer.

*Editors:* Mr. D. S. Madge, Mr. G. Fallows, C. Burley, M. C. Kolaszynski,  
 P. Hinchcliffe, P. Slater, E. S. Thomas, D. Jeacock, M. Holloway, M. Earl.

## SCHOOL NOTES

The past year has been marked by a great increase in the number and range of extra-curricula activities. Many of these are reported elsewhere, but note must be made of the new outdoor activities club, the inter-house eisteddfod, the increase of visits to theatres and specialist lectures, and the expanding work in dramatics and music.

For the last four years the S.C.M. Group in the school has occupied itself with work for famine relief. This year it has instituted a system of pledged contributions, which last term raised £118 for OXFAM. The S.C.M. is also to be congratulated on the voluntary effort and great success of the jumble sales in aid of famine relief.

At the request of the Mayor of Slough senior boys have on several occasions acted as street collectors for charities. They also collected over £78 on Poppy Day, more than 10 per cent of the total for all Slough.

The school choir sang at the Co-operative Society's concert for the 'Freedom from Hunger' campaign.

David Fox was selected to attend the F.A. schools week for soccer training this Easter at Oxford.

Two members of staff, Dr. K. F. Colombo and Mr. J. Moutrie, have been serving on the advisory panels for the proposed secondary schools examination.

During the year we have received visits from three Japanese professors who wished to study our methods of teaching languages.

The McGibbon String Quartette visited us once again in October and played to the IVth Form.

Four of our senior boys, A. Mayo, P. Newby, D. Ray and B. Thorp were the prize winners in the National Productivity Year essay competition in Slough.

The Slough Rotary prize for service was awarded last year to Michael French, and this year to Miroslaw Kolaszynski.

Congratulations to Mr. File and a large team of players, stage hands, scenery makers and stewards who made such a success of the production of 'A Winter's Tale' in December. In spite of persistent fog during the week

chosen, which prevented a dress rehearsal, the production was much enjoyed by full houses.

Terence Daly and Malcolm Pugh gained places in the September entry to Sandhurst.

We were pleased to be visited by former members of staff, in March by Mr. B. A. A. Knight, and in April by Mr. R. Saunders.

Philip Gardner, on the conclusion of his Vith Form course, went to Southern India for voluntary service. He has written very happily of the work he is doing and of the rich experience of the enterprise. In October he commences his university course at Birmingham.

Adverse weather caused the postponement of the French Circle's production of 'The Voyage of Monsieur Perrichon'. Undismayed by this discouragement Mr. Malin arranged two performances at the end of the Spring Term, and these were well attended and the standard of the production was very high.

Colin Timms, the head boy of the school, has brought great distinction to himself and the school by gaining a State Scholarship last summer and going on to win a Greenwood Open Scholarship in Music at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Last year, at Easter, Mr. T. M. Hooley left us to take up a teaching appointment in Cyprus.

In July we reluctantly said goodbye to Mr. R. Mills, who has served the school for twelve years as a physicist, cricketer and photographer.

Mr. M. J. Whatmore returned to Canada in August after a successful period here teaching History. Mr. J. W. Davies also decided to go to Montreal for some experience in overseas teaching.

Mr. R. E. Bower went to a senior post at a grammar school in Yorkshire, and Mr. F. E. Appleton to be second English Master at the Cathedral School, Bristol.

In September we welcomed Mr. G. Fallows and Mr. E. J. File, both experienced teachers, to the English Department. Mr. W. K. Norris from industry to teach Economics, Mr. Swann from Oxford University to the History Department, and Mr. G. Shield from Loughborough, to take over the teaching of Metalwork, for which we have had no Master for two years.

Congratulations to John Mearns and to John Le Page for their State Scholarships last July.

On 8th February, amid the remains of snow and ice, Messrs. William Hartley & Sons began work on the extensions of the school buildings. It is interesting to remember that the partners of this firm are former scholars of the school. Operations will continue until September, 1964.

Our congratulations to Mr. F. E. Appleton, Mr. J. Moutrie and Mr. D. F. Shotton, who have married during the past year.

Our deep sympathy is expressed to Mrs. Saunders whose husband, our school groundsman, died in March after a short illness.

## HAIL

*First Form.*—Agnew, Timothy M.; Amoroso, Robert; Ayers, Paul; Bharadwaj, Vinod; Blacher, Martin G.; Black, Jeremy A.; Bower, Raymond K.; Cam, David E.; Clay, R. J.; Coleman, Douglas A.; Cumper, Timothy; Daly, Michael; Dean, Mark T.; Drake, Martin J.; Dunbar-Jones, Charles I.; Folkson, Jeremy B.; Frankl, David H.; Furniss, Julian G.; Galvin, Robert J.; Garrett, Stephen P.; Garrod, Terence F.; Giles, Kenneth P.; Godfrey, Bryan J. P.; Goody, Malcolm W.; Hague, Christopher D.; Hall, John H.; Hare, Walter R.; Harvey, Keith; Harwood, Robin J. E.; Higgins, Geoffrey M.; Hudson, David C. W.; Jennings, Mark R.; Kempster, Michael A. G.; Kenneally, Michael R. P.; King, Keith; Lane, William W.; Lee, Edward; Legg, Malcolm R.; Lewin, Timothy P. R.; Lewis, Robert H.;



Littlefair, Stephen; Lompe, Robert W.; Lucas, Ian; Mann, Stephen; Mildenhall, Donald W.; Morris, Christopher M. W.; Morris, David; Murphy, Robert A. K.; McCulloch, Andrew G.; Newbury, Trevor; Norwood, David E.; Osborn, David H.; Overton, Charles H.; Overton, Richard W.; Parker, Roger L.; Pelling, Ernest; Peters, Stephen J.; Phear, John R.; Pitcher, Anthony R.; Price, Malcolm S.; Rodgers, Ian S.; Rumley, David J.; Savage, Charles U. D.; Shears, Stuart, C.; Sheppard, Richard J.; Starling, Gordon C.; Tarrant, Robert J.; Thomas, Richard G.; Twardawa, Richard; Tyrie, Allen G.; Voudsen, Henry E.; Wallace, Robert J. F.; Wheeler, J.; Wilson, Paul; Wilson, Paul Henry; Young, Andrew D.

*Second Form.*—Alexander, N. R. G.; Chaplain, R.; Du Cros, C. D.; Forster, T. J. A.; Jones, K. W.; Wellam, S. C.

*Third Form.*—Bailey, B. A.; Baker, M. P. J.; Day, T. H. B.; Healy, J. R.; Jackson, A. T.; Manners, T. P.; Picton, A. W.; Smithers, A. L.; Wills, C. K.

*Sixth Form.*—Gooch, A. G.; Jeacock, D.; Rymel, J.

## FAREWELL

### VI FORM

Airley, D., Baxter, S. (Liverpool University), Benton, C. (Banking), Billington, M. (Strawberry Hill T.C.), Broderick, K., Bowley, D., Burden, J. (Wye College, London), Cobbett, R., Daly, T. (Sandhurst), Davies, P., Davis, R. (King's College, London), Derks, P. (Nottingham University), Dowding, R. (Southampton University), Doyle, C., Duff, M., Duffy, H., Elliston, A. (Imperial College, London), Froggatt, H. (Bristol University), Freeman, M., French, M. (King's College, London), Gain, M., Gardner, P. (Voluntary Service Overseas), Goatly, B. (B.T.R. Sandwich Course), Grant, K., Grimwood, P. (Hertford College, Oxford), Haines, K., Houchin, M. (Queen Mary College, London), Husbands, E. (Newland Park T.C.), Isaac, K., Kingswood, T., Lawson, D. (Brunel College, Sandwich), Loryman, J. (Bristol University), Marshall, C. (College of Estate Management, London), Martin, S., Mearns, J. (King's College, London), Pike, P. (Trinity College, London), Price, C. (Leicester University), Ratchford, J. (Durham University), Roberts, H. (University College Hospital), Robotham, J. (College of Estate Management), Rosteghin, M., Savage, R., Serjent, P. (Birmingham University), Shelley, B., Skillings, P. (Birmingham University), Smyth, A. (London School of Economics), Spooner, P., Stanford, J., Steinwender, P., Stenning, M. (Imperial College, London), Stroud, H. (Imperial College, London), Stuart, I. (Library Trainee), Taylor, G. (Chelsea C.A.T.), Taylor, N. (Manchester University), Tidswell, S., Vincent, D., Whelan, R. (Bank), Willis, P.

### ALSO

Andrews, C., Baggs, S., Blandamer, S., Budd, K., Burns, D., Butterly, P., Cantillon, P., Checkley, R., Connor, R., Cook, K., Davies, R., Dobson, G., Dowthwaite, M., Doyle, F., Flower, R., Goatly, M., Hide, M., Hilling, D., Hughes, D., Kay, P., Kennedy, K., Lacroix, G., Langford, P., Lewis, M., Lewis, T., Lloyd, T., Lovelock, E., Manning, P., Marbrook, R., Marshall, G., Murray, A., Pepper, R., Pugh, D., Randolph, R., Reeves, J., Robertson, K., Rothero, D., Serjent, R., Simmonds, P., Selzer, L., Small, P., Stiles, P., Taylor, G., Trenner, K., Trevorrow, N., Turner, K., Wale, G., Warren, D., Wilson, C.

## SUBJECT PRIZES, 1961-1962

### FORMS I:

Gordon, D. (Science, Technical Drawing, Mathematics, English); Harris, R. (Mathematics, Geography, French, History); Kitson, D. (English Language); Boulton, K. (French, Geography); Moss, S. (Music, Geography);

Froggatt, E. (English Literature); Jordan, I. (History, English); Denham, M. (Religious Instruction); Hughes, I. (Art).

### FORMS II:

Gamble, F. (English Language); Willatts, P. (English Literature); Avis, C. (French, Woodwork); Elder, J. (Latin, Science, Mathematics); Pratt, M. (History, French, Latin); Pratt, C. (Geography); Cartwright, I. (Mathematics); Morton, A. (Religious Instruction); Whiteley, C. (Music); Mansfield, C. (Art); Carr, J. (German).

### FORMS III:

Wallace, G. (English Language, English Literature); Davis, C. (English Literature); Hannam, R. (French); Conlon, P. (German); Hardy, R. (History); Priede, I. (Geography); Potter, A. (Latin); Overton, J. (Mathematics); Allcorn, B. (Science); Garrett, A. (Art); Fraser, K. (Woodwork); Parker, C. (Music).

### FORMS IV:

Towersey, A. (English Language, German); Raisbeck, J. (English Literature); Lister, R. (Latin); Gearing, A. (French); Lynch, J. (Geography); Martin, J. (History); Spalding, R. (Mathematics); Gardner, L. (Chemistry); Parker, M. (Physics, Music); Chantler, R. (General Science, Biology); Taylor, F. (Art); Solomon, D. (Biology); Cameron, M. (Woodwork).

### FORMS V:

Singleton, A. (Physics, English Language); Light, G. (Latin, German, English Language, Geography); Earl, M. (History, French, English Literature); Barrett, R. (Geography); Timms, C. (Music, German); Bathurst, N. (English Literature); Holloway, M. (Chemistry); Lewis, M. (General Science); Morris, D. (Art); Pickering, B. (Biology); Walker, B. (Mathematics); Shelley, B. (Woodwork); Griffiths, P. (French).

### LOWER SIXTH:

Hinchcliffe, P. (English Literature); Garner, D. (Latin, French, German); Moss, R. (German, Russian); Bradley, P. (Geography); Newby, P. (History); Muir, A. (Chemistry); Weightman, C. (Physics); Freestone, M. (Biology); Taylor, M. (Pure Mathematics); Pietron, J. (Applied Mathematics); Ray, D. (Economics); Virgo, J. (Art).

### UPPER SIXTH:

Organ, T. (English); Willson, M. (French, Latin); Bull, G. (German, Latin); Davis, R. (Russian); Timms, C. (Music); Sherlock, R. (History, Geography); Smith, H. (Economics); Le Page, J. (Pure Mathematics, Chemistry); Serjent, P. (Applied Mathematics); Moore, R. (Physics); Solomon, M. (Biology).

## STATE SCHOLARSHIPS AND OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS:

Timms, C. —Greenwood Scholarship in Music at Emmanuel College, Cambridge and State Scholarship.

Stroud, H. —Royal Scholarship in Chemistry at Imperial College, London.

Mearns, J. —State Scholarship in Mathematics.

Le Page, J. —State Scholarship in Chemistry.

## SPECIAL PRIZES

### Headmaster's Prize:

Baxter, S.

### Library Prizes:

(Head Boy 1961-2)

### Magazine Prize, Senior:

Attock, B.; Bolland, R.

### Todd Memorial Cup for Poetry

Davis, R.

(presented by members of Hampden House):

### Dramatics Prize:

Stuart, I.

### Music Prize:

Evans, C.

### Ford Cup for Outstanding Voluntary Service:

Rowe, K. L.

Kolaszynski, M.

Swimming Championship Challenge Cup  
(presented by Alderman A. E. Ward): Griffiths, P.  
Gymnastics Cup (presented by D. Luck, Esq.): Holloway, M.  
Old Paludians' House Shield  
(for Games and Athletics): Gray House.

**CERTIFICATES FOR 'ORDINARY' LEVEL SUBJECTS**  
G.C.E. EXAMINATION  
(including subjects pass in December, 1961)

**8 subjects:**

Bathurst, N.; Bostock, J.; Boul, A.; Croker, J.; Dando, P.; Daniel, P.; Earl, M.; Faulks, D.; Firth, P.; Fountain, R.; Grant, K.; Holloway, M.; Lewis, M.; Light, G.; Quentin, A.; Ralph, K.; Robson, P.; Sampson, K.; Singleton, A.; Timms, C.; Walker, B.; Ward, M.; Watson, G.; Webber, P.; Willson, R.

**7 subjects:**

Barrett, R.; Briers, F.; Cleaver, S.; Cove, R.; Cross, A.; Davies, P.; Fox, D.; Lovelock, E.; McGoun, R.; Murray, A. J.; Murray, J. A.; Perkins, G.; Pickering, B.; Pryce, C.; Ramsdale, C.; Rouse, M.; Rowe, K.; Skidmore, R.; Slatter, C.; Stenning, D.; Tidswell, S.; Warren, D.

**6 subjects:**

Cook, K.; Cookman-Roberts, P.; Dowthwaite, M.; Elliott, K.; Ferris, R.; Fowle, R.; Grant, J.; Holder, M.; Ives, B.; Murphy, T.; Prout, J.; Rothero, D.; Sharpe, D.; Shelley, B.; Small, P.; Stanford, J.; Thatcher, A.; Turner, K.

**5 subjects:**

Andrews, C. J.; Bailey, M.; Baker, M.; Bawden, C.; Britton, F.; Connor, J.; Dobson, G.; Dodd, J.; Francis, R.; Gould, K.; Liszka, A.; Livingston, A.; Lumb, M.; Marshall, P.; Randolph, R.; Robertson, K.; Stiles, P.; Taylor, G. W.; Trevorrow, N.; Wood, C.

**4 subjects:**

Aughton, J.; Baggs, S.; Buck, W.; Godfrey, D.; Grantham, R.; Griffiths, P.; Pallett, R.; Parsons, D.; Pugh, D.; Sharpshouse, R.; Simmonds, P.; Wilson, C.; Wright, I.

**3 subjects:**

Biebuyck, A. G.; Brett, P.; Budd, K.; Burns, D.; Doyle, F.; Manning, P.

**KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS:**

English (E); Latin (L); French (F); History (H); Geography (Gy); German (G); Spanish (Sp); Economics (Ec); Pure Mathematics (PM); Applied Mathematics (AM); Higher Mathematics (HM); Pure and Applied Mathematics (PAM); Physics (P); Chemistry (C); Botany (Bot); Zoology (Zy); Biology (B); Woodwork (W); Russian (R).

\*County Awards.

†Distinction.

**SIXTH FORM CERTIFICATES**

Name	Advanced Level	Scholarship Level
Airley, D.	F, Ec.	
Attock, B.	B, C, P.	
*Baxter, S.	F, G, R.	
Beer, D.	P.	
Benton, C.	C, P.	
Billington, M.	Zy.	
Blount, C.	PM, AM, P.	
Bowren, M.	F, G.	
Bowley, D.	F, G.	
Broderick, K.	PM, P.	

Name	Advanced Level	Scholarship Level
Bull, G.	L†, F, G.	G.
Burden, J.	B, C.	
Burley, C.	E, F, G.	
Cobbett, R.	C, P.	
Daly, T.	AM.	
*Davis, R.	G, R†.	G, R.
*Derks, P.	Gy, Ec, PM.	Gy.
*Dowding, R.	PM, AM, P.	PM, AM, P.
Duff, M.	C, P.	Gy.
Duffy, H.	Gy, Ec.	
*Elliston, A.	AM, HM, C, P.	AM, C.
Evans, C.	F, G.	
Freeman, M.	H, Ec.	
French, M.	AM, P.	P.
Froggatt, H.	AM†, HM, P†.	AM†, P†.
Gain, M.	Ec, Gy.	
Gardner, P.	PM, AM, P.	
Goatley, B.	P, C.	
Godber, J.	L, F, G.	
Haines, K.	L, F, H.	H.
Hearn, N.	H, Gy, Ec.	
Hickson, K.	PM, P, C.	C.
*Houchin, M.	PM, AM, P.	PM.
Hughes, C.	PM, P, C.	C.
Husbands, E.	Gy.	
Kingswood, T.	E, L, G.	
Kochanowski, S.	P, C, B.	
Kolaszynski, M.	PM, P, C.	C.
Lawson, D.	AM, P.	
Le Page, J.	PM, P†, C†.	PM, C†.
*Loryman, J.	P, C, B.	C.
Louch, C.	P, C.	
Malone, B.	F.	
Martin, S.	PM.	
Mearns, J.	PM†, AM†, HM, P.	PM†, AM†, P.
Moore, R.	PM, P†, C†.	C†.
Organ, T.	E, H.	
*Pike, P.	E, Gy, M.	
*Price, C.	H, Gy, Ec.	Gy.
*Ratchford, J.	PM, AM, P.	
*Roberts, H.	Bot, Zy.	
*Robotham, J.	F, H, Ec.	
Savage, R.	PM, AM, P.	
*Serjent, P.	PM, AM, P.	PM, AM.
Sherlock, R.	H†, Gy†, Ec.	H†, Gy†.
Sirey, P.	P, C, B.	
*Skillings, P.	PM, P, C.	
*Smyth, A.	H, Gy, Ec.	Gy, Ec.
Solomon, M.	P, C, B.	
Spooner, P.	Bot, Zy.	
Steinwender, P.	P, C.	
*Stenning, M.	PM, AM.	PM, AM.
Stroud, H.	PM, AM, P.	PM, AM, P.
Stuart, I.	E, H.	
*Taylor, G.	AM, C.	
*Taylor, N.	AM, P.	
Thomas, G. J.	PM, C.	
Thomas, G. G.	H, Ec.	



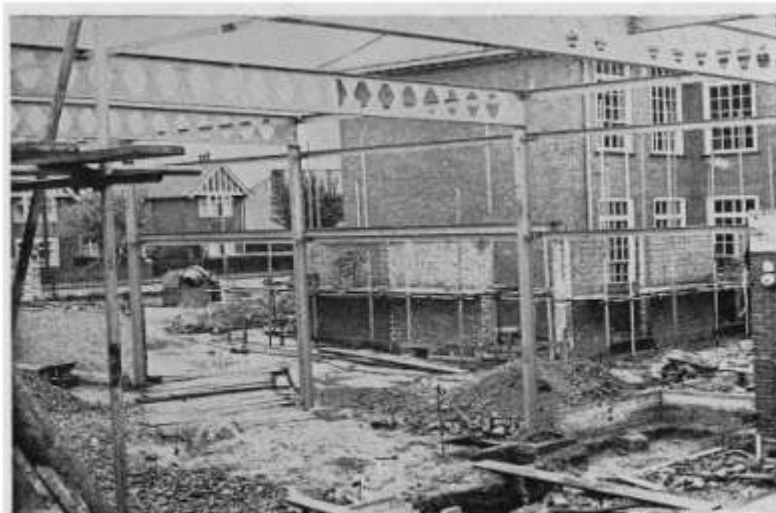
Name	Advanced Level	Scholarship Level
Timms, C.	F, G, M†.	M†.
Vincent, D.	P, C.	
White-Taylor, D.	L, F, G.	
Willis, P.	P, C.	
Willson, M.	L†, F, G†.	F, G.

#### THE SCHOOL IMPROVEMENTS

At the beginning of the Spring Term the comparative calm of the school was shattered by the arrival of The Builders, who had come to start the reconstruction of the school. The planned reconstruction is so extensive that it is being carried out in stages, with the life of the school being fitted in around the rebuilding.

The reconstruction was made necessary by the need for new physics and chemistry laboratories and increased space for both 1st and Vith Forms. At the same time, provision is being made for an enlarged gymnasium and a new hall.

The plans that are being executed are these. The old gymnasium has been converted into a new woodwork shop. On the site of the old woodwork shop and most of the senior playground there is to be a new block containing the new gymnasium, the new art room, and three classrooms. While this activity is going on at the senior end of the school, the junior playground has disappeared under the foundations for the new assembly hall with the music room behind. As soon as the new hall is ready for occupation the existing hall will undergo a radical alteration. The roof will temporarily be supported on a few masonry pillars whilst the walls are knocked out and replaced by new walls with the window openings in the right places for the new two-storey use intended for the present hall. The new library and one Vith Form room



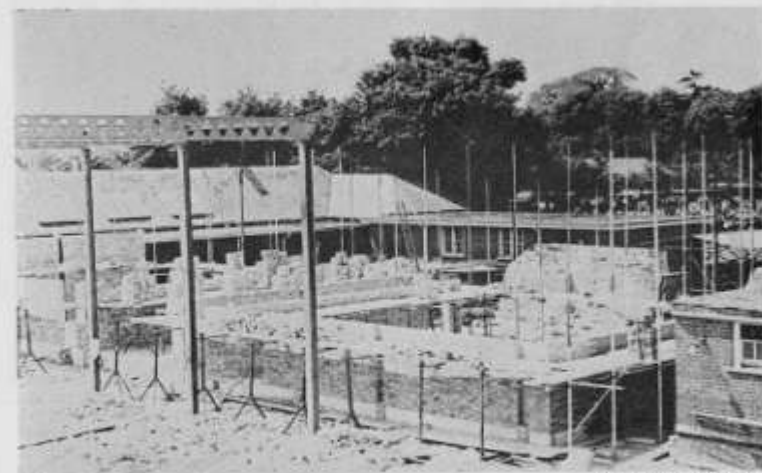
The Skeleton of the New Hall.

Photo by S. Cleaver



The Junior Playground.

Photo by P. Dando



The Senior Playground.

Photo by S. Cleaver

will occupy the upper storey of this building while there will be a new laboratory and two Vith Form rooms downstairs. The old library room will make a fourth Vith Form room and a secondary staff room. Rooms B and C and the store-cupboards outside the library are also to be reconstructed. There are also to be minor alterations amongst the laboratories so that all the laboratories have a smaller room for preparation and similar work in the same way that is found at present in the Biology Laboratory. In addition, the old art room will become a second chemistry laboratory.

It is hoped that by these reconstructions sufficient space will be available in the main buildings to make it possible to do away with both the pre-fabs on the other side of Lascelles Road and also the huts that are in the Junior playground.

The reconstructed school will have many advantages over its predecessor but there are some things that will be missed. The new hall will have to go a long way to present as pleasing an appearance as the old one. The downstairs corridor, which is to have doors fitted in it, is going to be more difficult to keep watch on.

It is hoped that the school field will recover from the onslaught it is to receive. Not only is it to be used almost as a playground but the Electricity Board are to lay a cable straight across it from a new sub-station near the bus stop to the Junior cloakrooms. The enlarged school cannot take all the current it needs from the Lascelles Road cable which, it is claimed, is overloaded, so a new main is having to be laid straight across the field below the sacred turf.

The illustrations show the progress of the reconstruction.

## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

### 'THE WINTER'S TALE'

by William Shakespeare

After sampling Fry and Shaw, this year's dramatic production marked a return to Shakespeare. The choice of 'The Winter's Tale' was ambitious. The extensive décor and costume needed an imaginative and energetic effort, and the size of the cast called for patient and efficient direction. Both these demands were well met.

With three major female rôles, the casting also produced problems. Garry Hammond as Paulina managed the controlled vigour of this character well, especially in his defence of the slandered Queen in Act Three. Ian Cartwright (who in some respects had the most difficult rôle as Hermione), was 'matronly' and rather static; but his slow and dignified diction was particularly effective in the trial scene, where, enhanced by a white robe, he succeeded in producing a measure of the noble and urgently sincere emotion which animated the Queen's speech.

The element of goodness present in the characters of Paulina and Hermione is extended to Perdita, who presents a picture of virgin radiance. Roger Hardy captured much of the simplicity of the verse, and although unable to convey fully that 'inborn fineness of breed' in the character, his portrayal was delightful in its unaffected modesty and naivety. Perdita's lover Florizel (played by Andrew Morton) contributed to the impression of idyllic pastoral love by a gentle and remarkably perceptive interpretation of his part. These young actors held the stage well together, and an intelligent use of lighting was particularly effective in these scenes.



Photo by courtesy of Windsor, Slough and Eton Express

The Winter's Tale.

Amongst the older actors Keith Mathias's Camillo was rather passive. His speech and action were smooth—too smooth in places with insufficient variation, resulting in a certain loss of dramatic feeling. The unfortunate Antigonus (Rodney Kingston) cowered well before his 'Dame Partlet'. He was one of the most audible members of the cast.

Edward Lucas-Smith's interpretation of Polixenes was sound and competent, revealing an awareness of the dramatic qualities of the verse. His performance improved towards the end, although his mounting rage did not have the power and solidity which animated Leontes's outburst. In fact Clifford Evans as Leontes was the only member of the cast who really approached that sense of maturity needed to portray adult emotion. Through the vigour with which he unleashed his jealous convictions in the second scene, he created a figure of power and stature. This served to bolster the contrast which came with his sudden capitulation, where we saw 'the kaleidoscope incoherence of a character which is at bottom only a string of moods'. At all times he showed a marked feeling for the dramatic and poetic value of the words. His scenes with Mamillius (Jeremy Black) were moving, and one felt that if the same impression of mutual understanding and co-ordination had been created between the other characters, the presentation would have been that much richer and more subtle.

Evans's excellent diction was equalled by Brian Whelan as Time. This speech bore no signs of its rather strained dramatic function: its stately movement created exactly the right transitory mood.

The great pastoral scene in Act Four proved to be a colourful and highly successful spectacle. Homely comedy, exuberance, mirth, a touch of 'the light fantastic', all were gaily reflected. Dorcas (Donald Bull) and Mopsa (Peter Charrett) were particularly pleasing. Keith Elliott as the Old Shepherd was adequately senile, and an element of rural ignorance was successfully cultivated in Douglas Garner's portrayal of the Young Shepherd. John Le Page was the perfect Shakesperian rogue in accent and gesture, and the battle of wits between him and the young shepherd provided a splendid comic interlude. In fact the contrast between the harsh austerity of Leontes' Court and the gay pastoral scenes in Bohemia was most effectively delineated.

The restoration of harmony at the end of the play, however, was perhaps a little flat. The emotional and dramatic value of this final scene of reconciliation was lost to some extent, largely through faulty grouping and insufficient emphasis on the female characters.

One highly successful feature of the play was the décor. There was no cluttered set. A central dais allowed easy movement, even when a large group of actors occupied the stage, and ensured a swift and effective transformation from the Sicilian scenes to Bohemia.

The variety in the play was perhaps its most appealing element. Although a certain discrepancy in acting abilities necessarily produced an occasional piece-meal effect and tended to detract from an impression of a controlled and related whole, this was counteracted by the exuberance and vitality which ran through the production. The presentation of the serious themes was not entirely satisfactory, but the lighter moods were admirably conveyed. Taken by and large the Dramatic Society made a pleasing attempt at a difficult play.

P. HINCHCLIFFE.

#### CAST

ARCHIDAMUS, a lord of Bohemia ..... Alan Alderman  
CAMILLO, a lord of Sicilia ..... Keith Mathias  
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia ..... Edward Lucas-Smith  
LEONTES, King of Sicilia ..... Clifford Evans

HERMIONE, his wife ..... Ian Cartwright  
MAMILLIUS, his son ..... Jeremy Black  
EMILIA, a Lady-in-Waiting ..... Clive Davis  
SECOND LADY-IN-WAITING ..... Eric Froggatt  
FIRST LORD attending Leontes ..... Peter O'Leary  
SECOND LORD ..... Charles White  
THIRD LORD ..... David Morris  
ANTIGONUS, a lord of Sicilia ..... Rodney Kingston  
PAULINA, his wife ..... Garry Hammond  
HER STEWARD ..... David Parsons  
GAOLER ..... John Merritt  
CLEOMENES, a lord of Sicilia ..... Fraser Britton  
DION ..... David Boul  
OFFICER OF THE COURT ..... Simon Thompson  
GUARD ..... Nelson Bathurst  
MARINER ..... Lyndon James  
BEAR ..... Patrick Brett  
OLD SHEPHERD ..... Keith Elliott  
YOUNG SHEPHERD ..... Douglas Garner  
TIME ..... Brian Whelan  
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue ..... John Le Page  
FLORIZEL, son of Polixenes ..... Andrew Morton  
PERDITA, daughter of Leontes ..... Roger Hardy  
DORCAS ..... Donald Bull  
MOPSA ..... Peter Charrett  
SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES—Nelson Bathurst, Patrick Brett, Clive Davis, Eric Froggatt, Lyndon James, John Merritt and Paul Stevens.

Produced by MR. E. J. FILE

Designed by MR. T. SHELLEY, J. VIRGO, P. VIRGO and P. HINCHCLIFFE  
and Constructed by MR. H. DONCASTER, C. RAMSDALE, A. PELL and K. SAMPSON

Music chosen and arranged by MR. J. MOUTRIE ..... Lighting by A. R. MUIR  
Stage Manager MR. F. D. GIBSON

Assistant Stage Manager ..... G. LIGHT  
Front of House Manager ..... Mr. J. WHARMBY  
Costumes ..... Made by mothers of the Cast  
Bear Costume ..... by THEATRE ZOO  
Wigs ..... by 'BERT'  
Artificial Flowers ..... kindly supplied by WOOLWORTH'S  
Property Managers ..... N. B. HEARN and G. G. THOMAS  
Music for the dance played by G. MOORE, C. WILLSON, K. ROWE and R. FERRIS

#### 'LE VOYAGE DE MONSIEUR PERRICHON'

After last year's excursion into the more sophisticated comedy of Beaumarchais, the Cercle Français returned to broad farce with their production of 'Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon' by Labiche, the nineteenth century playwright who is perhaps most famous for his comedy 'The Italian Straw Hat'.

All farce needs skilful production, and a fast pace if it is to succeed and 'Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon' is no exception. Mr. Malin met the challenge admirably. The action never lagged, comic situation succeeding comic situation with devastating effect. Some measure of the success of the production can be gauged from the fact that although the majority of the audience did not understand the dialogue, they never failed to react to a comic incident.

The whole cast too must be congratulated on the splendid way that they

threw themselves into their parts. Mirosław Kolaszynski brought exactly the right air of outraged pomposity to the name-part of M. Perrichon, and he was well supported by Clive Timms, who played his long-suffering wife, and Malone, who looked extremely attractive as his daughter.

Other players who must be praised are Martin Willson and Douglas Garner who were admirable suitors for Mlle. Perrichon's hand. They exchanged cynical remarks with perfect charm, and it was sad to think that one had to fail in his courting. Derek White-Taylor was excellent as a crusty army officer, and he had the added advantage of looking slightly like General de Gaulle, which greatly added to the comic effect. Even the smaller parts were filled with skill. Edward Lucas-Smith, who had very few lines to say, convinced me that he was a servile inn-keeper, instead of a respectable English schoolboy. Pronunciation and delivery throughout matched the performances.

The back-stage workers under the able direction of Mr. Fallows must also be mentioned. Their rapid scene changes ensured that the pace of the play was maintained.

Actors and all others connected with this production must be thanked for providing such an enjoyable evening's entertainment.

#### OUR OWN ARTS FESTIVAL

Three years ago a School Eisteddfod was sponsored by Milton House and it proved successful, not only in raising enthusiasm and cash for the Refugee Fund, but also in disclosing considerable artistic and musical talent. This term a similar home-grown Arts Festival in miniature was held, any proceeds going to Famine Relief.

Once more talent was revealed in some unexpected quarters and congratulations and thanks go to all boys who co-operated by entering in the various sections—would that many more had overcome their reticence and stepped forward, in particular, to sing.

Several interesting literary entries were received, and in the Art and Model classes most promising work was done. Very good photographs were also on view and most skilfully organized stamp collections. Sincere thanks are due to all the members of staff who helped in judging—particularly Mr. Shelley who arranged the Art sections and to Mr. Moutrie and Mr. Slater in the Music sections, where their public verdicts were models of shrewdness, accuracy and encouragement.

Lunch time performances drew good audiences and one remembers with pleasure some mellow brass, intriguing woodwind groups, individual string work of very good tone and much really interesting pianism.

A good deal of enthusiasm was shown in the Popular section, where the Quentin-Elderfield ensemble ran the winners very close and the Lucas-Smith and Fox Singers gave bright and agreeable performances.

I am certain that all those who took part in the public performances enjoyed themselves; and many had the nerves of a debut to overcome. Many more boys, especially Juniors, missed a good chance by not performing: talent, great or small, must be exercised, and self-consciousness in public overcome.

The programme of the final Concert promises well and should satisfactorily complete a venture which has been, from various points of view, of value.

**CHIEF WINNERS:** *Seniors*—Piano: C. R. Timms. Other Instrument: B. Malone. Ins. Group: K. Rowe, C. A. Timms, R. Ferris. Vocal Group: D. Garner, C. Carritt, B. Symes, R. Fountain. Rhythm Group: B. Malone, S. Kochanowski, B. Street, C. White. Painting: F. Taylor. Model: C. Ramsdale. Stamps: G. Moore. Poem: P. Hinchcliffe, C. Evans. Translation: W. Birmingham. Playlet: P. O'Leary. Photography: A. Platt.

*Juniors*—Piano: C. Whiteley. Vocal Solo: P. Chant. Vocal Group: S. Hatch, B. Kitson, M. Harding. Painting: A. Ward. Model: P. Willatts. Stamps: R. Gharrett. Photography: L. Harris.

W. J. WALL.

#### DALE FORT

The object of our annual visit to Dale Fort Field Centre in Wales is the study of the flora and fauna of the seashore. The animals and plants living in the inter-tidal zone show clearly their adaptations to life in an extremely rigorous habitat. The visit to the field centre took place in early March. It is at this time of year that the spring tides occur and as a result the greatest amount of seashore is uncovered at low tide. We can thus study creatures which for the greater part of the year remain submerged.

For the journey to South-West Wales we patronized British Railways which took us as far as Haverfordwest. The journey was continued by coach as far as Dale village. The fact that the coach could only get within a mile of the Fort by no means allayed our fears that this was to be a week in the back of beyond. On arriving at the Fort we would surely have been forgiven if we thought that the place appeared somewhat uninviting. The builders of the centenary fortification could hardly have anticipated its use as a field centre.

Our first day's work consisted of making a shore transect. This entailed noting all the animals and plants found on a line extending from high water to low water marks. The positions of the organisms were plotted on an outline of the shore transect and a fair idea of the distribution of the flora and fauna was obtained.

On the following day we attempted a transect of a more exposed beach. In order that the work could be completed in one day it was necessary to follow the tide as it went down the shore. The tide was evidently too slow for one eager biologist who was reaching into the sea for a seaweed which had not yet been uncovered when Mother Nature replied with a rather larger than average sized wave and a drenched biologist returned to the Fort for a bath and a change of clothes.

Sunday was spent investigating ecological problems. This involved some in measuring the height of limpets and others in measuring the lichen coverage of the Dale cliffs. These seemingly useless tasks produced some quite interesting results.

One whole day was spent digging for worms in the muddy estuary of the River Gann. From time to time we came across souvenirs of previous generations of biologists in the form of broken forks.

Our stay at Dale Fort came to an end all too soon and in spite of complaints as to the amount of supplementary food required to sustain life we all returned home the better for a week in the open. We would all like to thank Dr. Colombo for an extremely interesting and enjoyable week.

B.A.

#### LAKE DISTRICT, 1963

The tranquillity of local inhabitants was disturbed twice on Wednesday, 10th April. Firstly at 8 a.m. in Lascelles Road and finally in the small urban district of Keswick in Cumberland at 6.45 p.m. This, of course, was the school's annual lakeland expedition. To most the experience was new, to others a reunion with the past. We had arrived in the traditional lakeland weather—RAIN. However, once inside the hostel and confronted with some of 'Mac's' never failing 'hot-pot', the weather was forgotten and talk centred around the excitement of exploring a new region.



This year we were unfortunate in only having six days up at Keswick. Of these, one was set aside for the usual assault on the Roman Wall. During the remaining five days, which were spent walking on the fells, the weather showed us its every mood—from a blizzard to brilliant sunshine—changeability we learnt to be typical of the Lake District. The first morning saw us visiting the granite quarry at Threlkeld. The quarry and crushing plant proved very interesting, although converting most of us into ghostly dust-covered figures. Following this, under the leadership of Messrs. Portus, Evans, Norris and Crocombe we attempted to climb the 2,847 ft. Blencathra (Saddleback). The climb to Scales Tarn was completed without incident but from here up the corrie face to the summit the party was hazarded by rain and later by low mist. However, with the capable map reading and compass observations of our leaders we safely arrived back in Keswick.

On Friday, a fine day, we attempted a walk over Causy Pike, Scar Crag, Sail, Eel Crag and Grisedale Pike. The previous day's walk had, however, caused wear to more than bootleather, half the party descending to some old mines to rummage in the spoil heaps instead of finishing the climb over Grisedale Pike.

By Easter Sunday we were prepared to tackle one of the 'big-boys', Great Gable. From the beginning the weather did its best to dampen (perhaps soak) our spirits. Later in the day a saturated party returned to Seathwaite. Here the ever-reliable and more than usually welcome 'Mac' met us and returned us to Keswick. The following day many clothes were still wet and in glorious sunshine most of the party had to be content with a tour round Lake Derwentwater while a lucky few climbed Helvellyn.

Tuesday, and unfortunately the last day in Keswick, was scheduled for an assault on Scafell, the highest peak in Lakeland. At the beginning of the ascent at Seathwaite we saw the Scafell range covered in low cloud. Nevertheless, under the leadership of Mr. Portus, we managed to reach the summit which was snow-covered. By an unfortunate miscalculation on the return journey, however, the party found itself making an unscheduled visit to Eskdale, one of the wettest and most unwelcome fells in all the Lake District. Boot, a small village, was finally reached. After hurried phone calls we heard 'Mac' was really on his way to pick us up—45 miles by road away from Keswick. After some very fine driving we arrived back at the hotel at 10.15 p.m. As always the Warden was ready with a meal.

Wednesday, 11th April, the by now experienced Lakelanders, though doubtless with a little less energy, boarded the coach for the return journey. It is said that, 'every one who comes to the Lakes, will return'. As the coach pulled out of the Derwent Valley every one was resolved to do just that.

Last, but not least, our thanks must go to the people who made our annual expedition possible and very enjoyable; Messrs. Portus, Evans, Norris and Crocombe, our guardians for the trip; Mr. and Mrs. Mac Cambridge our hosts; and also our driver 'Mac' for his unfailing and reliable transport.

G.G.T. and N.B.H.

#### CADET NOTES

Last year we went to camp at Felixstowe with a record number of forty-seven cadets. It was an excellent camp just a few yards from the sea shore, and we were all particularly pleased that the Sunday, when so many parents came from Slough to see the Church Parade, look round the camp and take their sons out to tea, was such a hot sunny day. Indeed we were greatly indebted to the parents last year, not only for travelling that distance but also for their assistance with the Christmas Party and for supporting so strongly our first 'at home' one evening last July. We are hoping to repeat this venture and combine it with the Annual Inspection on Monday, 15th July.

This year has been marked by some good shooting (Sgt. Loomes, L/C. Roberts and Cadet Lynch are best to date), an extremely large number of very promising recruits and a high level of passes in the Certificate 'A' Part I examination. The following were successful: N. Hodgson, A. Naylor, M. Donoghue, M. Gent, I. Kitching, C. McMillan, I. Priede, I. Sturrock, D. Wallington, C. White, J. Wallington.

Thanks to Mr. Mash of Little Marlow, exercises were held during the Autumn and Winter Half-Term holidays, the success of which was due to the initiative and thoroughness of the N.C.O.'s who made all the arrangements.

During the Easter holidays L/C's Tidswell and Roberts survived a tough leadership course in Norfolk arranged by Eastern Command, Cadet Parker was awarded the Assistant Instructor's badge on a War Office Signals course at Catterick in Yorkshire, and L/C's Fowle and Barrett and Cadet A. Parsons soldiered for ten days in Germany with a British battalion.

We are now looking forward again to Summer Camp at Crowborough near Tunbridge Wells from 10th to 24th August. For the first time since the war we have been granted a fortnight and the extra time will be used in providing more competitions of both a military and a recreational nature. From what we hear of the site and its facilities this promises to be a most enjoyable camp—and still for the nominal fee of £1. Again for the first time, we are to travel from school to camp by coach.

We commend the enthusiasm and loyalty of the more senior cadets, and thank the N.C.O.s for the responsible attitude they have shown in the pursuance of their many duties—in particular, Cpl. Lucas-Smith and L/C. Boul in the Canteen, L/C. Earl in the Stores, L/C's Fowle, Roberts and Barrett in the Signals Section, Cpl. Mayo, L/C. Tidswell and, recently, L/C. Sharpshouse in the Armoury and L/C. Ward in the 'Shop', not forgetting their many hours of instruction to the candidates for the Certificate 'A' examinations. We also praise those cadets who, week in week out, spend a lot of their own time in achieving an excellence of personal turn-out. The high standards they set themselves are an example to the rest, essential if the Company's reputation is to be maintained.

Finally the Company is especially indebted to the two senior N.C.O.s, Senior Signals Instructor and Company Quartermaster-Sergeant R. Smith and Company Sergeant-Major R. Loomes. They have carried the ceaseless responsibility for running the Company and maintaining its traditions.

Certificate 'A' Part II Examination, June, 1963. Passed with Credit: L/C. M. Earl, Cadets G. Douglas, J. Hawke, J. Lynch, M. Parker, A. Parsons, D. Parsons, C. Thurston, J. Twistleton, G. Walker. Passed: D. Benstock, C. Goodall, H. Field, R. Paice.

War Office Signals Course, Easter, 1963. Assistant Signals Instructor's Certificate—Cadet M. Parker.

#### OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES CLUB

President: Dr. W. R. V. Long. Vice-Chairman: D. J. Beer.  
Chairman: Mr. J. G. Myatt. Treasurer: P. Roberts.  
Secretaries: B. Thorp, B. Hynam.

This is the first year that there has been such a society in the school. Enthusiasm is high at the moment and it is hoped that the present number of members will be maintained. Also for the first time in this school the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme has become available to all who are old enough.

First Aid classes have been arranged in conjunction with this award scheme and they have been well attended. Examinations were held on the First Aid at the end of March and we are proud to report that all who entered passed.

The activities of this club in the past year have included a week's canoeing holiday and a weekend's sailing course, reports of which follow separately. We have been lucky enough to obtain a grant for camping equipment and it is hoped that this will be available for the many expeditions we plan this summer.

B. HYNAM (Secretary).

#### RIVER WYE CANOE/CAMPING EXPEDITION

By Thursday, 30th August, all the canoes and clothing were ready at school and the final arrangements had been made. It was gloriously hot and the eager, hardy young men anticipated a good week. Saturday saw us loading everything into a furniture van, including ourselves, and so began our annual canoe/camping expedition.

The great intrinsic love of singing was most ably demonstrated as we passed west into open country. The party developed a love for the furniture van mode of travelling. We arrived at Hoarwithy on the River Wye at 2.45 and soon had pitched the tents.

Next morning we left at 11 a.m. and after keenly paddling most of the morning in warm sun, we discovered at the lunch stop that two canoes leaked considerably. These were efficiently repaired and the party continued to Ross.

The following morning occurred the worst mishap of the week. We had to pass a shallow rapid with many sharp rocks just below the surface. M. Clarke and D. Bew managed to miss the narrow channel and ripped open the bottom of their canoe. Typically English the party laughed at their misfortune—still they did look funny sitting on the river bed. In the afternoon we stopped to look round Goodrich Castle—one of a line of castles along the Welsh border. We continued to Symonds Yat amongst beautiful country with many yats on either side of the fast river.

In the evening the weather turned to a steady drizzle and next morning it was still raining. We canoed all day through intermittent heavy showers and camped in the evening at Llandago. Here Colin Timms, trying to step out onto the bank so that he would not get his feet wet, fell in and got soaked.

Next day was our rest day. After paddling hard since Saturday many envisaged a lie in the sun and a complete rest. But this was not to be. After breakfast at 8.30 many boys went into Llandago to buy souvenirs, send postcards, etc. In the afternoon some went to see the thirteenth century Tintern



Abbey. The boys who stayed at camp worked hard preparing for the Barbecue which we held that night. We had the whole of a Holiday Fellowship guest house—seventy girls and twenty boys to entertain. Most of the party succeeded in some measure.

The following morning it was again raining. Early in the morning we were transported to Witney high up the river. From here we canoed to Brewardine in rain that would have done justice to the days of Noah's Ark. Although soaked (literally to the skin) the party remained more than cheerful and agreed that this added to the enjoyment.

Next morning the river was a good two feet higher than the day before. The weather had also brightened up a lot, and we lazily canoed to Old Weir Farm, this year our last camp site.

Next morning we were all sorry to leave. Our furniture van arrived soon after twelve and by one all canoes and equipment were loaded. The journey home was accompanied as is usual by the many folk songs of a student's repertoire.

The whole of the party—Barry Thorp, Brian Hynam, Colin Timms, Steven Martin, David Bew, Michael Clarke, Brian Whelan, Frank Taylor, Peter Roberts, Charles Bawden and John Bostock thoroughly enjoyed themselves and would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Myatt for all his hard work in organizing the trip and for his acceptance of responsibility for the party. We admire his ability in achieving the necessary restraining effect, which was sufficient but not restrictive. We would also like to thank Mr. Bailey whose inborn industriousness, was shown in his very hard work of overseer and general manager about the camp, and also for providing us with many good laughs throughout the week.

We should also like to thank Dr. Long, who has always supported the canoe/camping expeditions, and whom we could always rely on for further assistance.

We hope all future trips will be as successful.

B. THORP.

#### THE ART OF SCHOOL SAILING

Kev Broderick slipped elegantly off the bow of an Enterprise sailing dinghy to find himself almost waist deep in British mud. Bellows of coarse laughter came from all around him as he forged his way to the bank, the first wet casualty of the school's sailing trip to Pin Mill.

Whitsun weekend, 1962, was hot and dry, and a party of equally hot and dry aspirant sailors found themselves walking down a long hill, on a dirt road to Clamp House. On arrival they were met by two gallant members of the crew who had cycled from Slough to Clamp House, which is about a half a mile from Pin Mill, on the River Orwell, which runs from Ipswich to Harwich on the East Coast. The rest of the crew eventually arrived by car.

On the first morning the party was divided into two, those who could not tell a sheet from a sail; and those who professed to be knowledgeable helmsmen. This latter group was let loose on the Enterprise dinghies, without any mishap, and the former group was shown the ropes on dry land. In the afternoon, which was fortunately not excessively windy all were out on the water. Authoritative cries of 'I say, that's a weather helm you've got there!' and 'stop pinching the wind!' rang clearly over the water all afternoon.

From then on it was sailing for everyone for as long as possible on the Enterprises, Swift catamarans, the 18 ft. National and the Auld; with only Broderick and Phil Gardner 'Jumping off to save the boat from capsizing'!

A great deal of interest was taken by us all in the other river craft, particularly two enormous Thames Barges which despite their enormous spread of sail could easily be handled by a man and a boy, and which are now in service as pleasure yachts. Our visit coincided with the annual Har-



wich/Hook of Holland race and many clean and shining ocean racers sailed majestically past Clump House with many envious eyes fixed on their firm hulls which slipped so easily through the water, some with big washes, others hardly creating a ripple. It was a truly magnificent sight in the fresh and warm early morning, and conjured up dreams of tropic isles, pirates and the days when steam was untapped, in the minds of each imaginary Captain Bligh.

The evenings were leisurely although movement was often enforced by the presence of swarms of flies or odd musicians. One evening was devoted to the singing of folk (and other) songs in which everyone took a hearty interest until the early hours of the morning when despite cries for more the beds found heavy heads.

Reluctantly on Tuesday, after a morning sailing, a group of budding Peter Heaton and Uffa Foxes queued for a bus to Ipswich, all with a salty tang of sea air forever haunting their nostrils (mixed for some with East Coast mud), and an ebb tide of happy memories of abortive love affairs with ships, the sea, and Carol.

E.L.S.

#### A PERSONAL VIEW OF THE CONVERSAZIONE

7.0-9.30 p.m., TUESDAY, 9TH APRIL, 1963.

'Or is there ANY taste in the white of an egg?' (Job. 6, 6.)

I began with a visit to the Art Room. Ward's picture was outstanding in the Art Club's exhibition. For a second-former, he possesses an extremely acute sense of colour. P. Hinchcliffe captured Rembrandt's style well in a copy, and did some excellent woodcuts which showed the real character of the rock they represented.

There was one corner of the Art Room with a distinctly non-Soviet flavour. Roller-abstract paintings vied to win attention with wire and soap figures, and chunks of plaster of Paris on cane or cloth shapes. It is dubious whether some of these deserve a place in any public exhibition, since, although they may satisfy and please the 'artist', they often afford no pleasure or interest to anyone else. If, however, they were there to illustrate the willingness of the school's artists to experiment, they were undoubtedly successful.

All of the paintings were indeed worthy of note, but particular praise is due to John Virgo for the unity of structure achieved in his 'Westminster Abbey', and to Briers for the great detail of his railway picture.

Also in the Art Room was a display of photographs, in which M. Watson's prize-winning 'Lonely are the Brave' stood out, both for its perspective and its capturing of atmosphere.

Contrasting with the Art Room, the layout of the Geography Room was quite unnecessarily chaotic. There was no centrepiece, although the History Modelling Club's model of Stonehenge would have provided an excellent one. This model, remarkable for its accuracy and clarity, was instead tucked away almost in a corner of the room. The Historical Society's display ended in exactly the same place as the Geographical Society's, so that a diagonal, reverse trek across the room had to be made if a visitor wanted to see both displays in the correct order.

It was a pity that the well-thought-out collection of stamps illustrating history, compiled by IV A and Black and Frankl of I A, was relegated to a position in which to look at it properly you had to block the doorway.

The local history exhibition was noteworthy if you bothered to stop and interest yourself in it, but there was little to draw the attention in the first place. Perhaps rather less writing and rather more illustration would have made this section look as attractive as it really was.

The Geographical section consisted of a well-made, sand-mud representation of river meanders, a collection of rocks and stones meaningless to anyone with no knowledge of geology, and maps and graphs so technical

as, in places, to need careful thought even on the part of geographers before they were understood.

If the Geographical Society was also responsible for the working model of a volcano in one of the corridors—whoever was, the organizers clearly regarded as a secret between God and themselves—it redeemed itself. The lighting effects were especially good; and this was clearly a case of the sight more than cancelling out the smell, although any bronchitics who braved the night are unlikely to visit the *Conversazione* again.

As if to counterbalance the effects of the volcano, the Outdoor Activities Club gave a most profitable demonstration—using a dummy—of the mouth to mouth, 'kiss of life' method of artificial respiration. They also arranged a display of the school's camping equipment, members' canoes and—outstanding—Beer's sailing dinghy. (Congratulations to whoever got the mast into the Hall!)

Also in the Hall during the evening, there were three illustrated talks by J. and P. Virgo, I. Pudney and B. Attock. The Virgos' one was generally thought the best. In particular, they skilfully pinpointed some of the architectural deficiencies of the buildings of Slough.

In the Biology Laboratory, the original founders of the *Conversazione*, the Natural History Society, took respiration as their main theme. The exhibition was neat and well-planned, but the zoologists do seem to have been using the same kind of exhibits for some years now. I was told that this was because these exhibits were typical specimens; but, surely, a few typical ones would prevent monotony and broaden the exhibition's scope. Or, better still, could not the theme of respiration be dropped at long last? After all, animals—and plants—do perform other functions.

The main exhibit of this section—once again, in a corner—was an apparatus for taking a time-lapse film of a moving plant. Unfortunately, no one had had the gumption to take such a film and run it at some time during the evening. Thus, the apparatus stood admirable, lustrously metallic, and meaningless to all intents and purposes.

In contrast to the dead fish of the Biology Laboratory, the Angling Society had several tanks of live ones on display, and contented themselves with a small, but engrossing exhibition. They provided some useful hints for anglers on distinguishing fish, together with much miscellaneous information, such as

'CRUCIAN CARP . . . This good-looking fish . . . can live for hours in just a damp rag.'

Although I have never officiated at a fishy beauty contest, I was impressed with the Crucian Carp's powers of endurance.

The Physics section—including the Model Train and Spotters Club—was, rather as before and tended towards a 'gimmicky' use of its exhibits. For the second or third year, Van De Graaff's generator was producing static electricity, much to the amusement—and shock—of visitors. However, no attempt was made to explain how it does this, or why it is beneficial that it does so. There were tape recorders, too; but these were used only to allow several of the visiting ladies the chance to hear their own voices, and some people felt that it would have been better had one tape recorder been dismantled to show how it works.

Nearby, the Army Cadet Force had an interesting telephone system lay-out, which appeared, at a glance, to be besieged by at least half the Junior School. The radio sets also attracted a crowd of 'small' boys.

From the heaving mass of people in the Chemistry Laboratory, something akin to an exhibition emerged. Even so, some of the explosions do seem to have been deliberately too loud. At least one master is believed to have been deaf in one ear for the remainder of the evening after a fool-hardy, but brief trip to the Chemistry Laboratory. Warily, therefore, I left this display until last and it was 9.35 p.m. by the time I reached the laboratory. Anton's Mass Spectrophotometer received a great deal of attention in a demon-

stration of radioactivity decay. Models showing the composition of crystals were engaging too; and I have an ominous feeling that there was something else of importance in the Chemistry Laboratory, but I was bemused at the time after two and three-quarter hours of note-taking.

I mention the two and three-quarter hours' note-taking because I wish to stress the size and scope of this year's *Conversazione*. Fourteen societies took part; and so large was the exhibition that I could not have given even this scanty outline without the expert help of several other people, to whom I offer many thanks.

I offer thanks, also, for the clarity of the Woodwork Club's display, which was refreshing after the confusion of some sections. Sampson's arm-chair received much well-deserved praise during the evening. This magnificent piece of work took only about twelve weeks to make.

There was a copious display of different types of wood, including such rare ones as partridge wood and the tremendously hard lignum vitae, as well as an interesting collection of tools illustrating the gradual replacement of wooden tools by metal ones.

Next door, the Printing Club endeavoured to demonstrate some of the different types and the history of printing, and revealed the information that the Society is fifteen years old and makes a large profit every year. They further offered the novelty of printing anyone's name on a small visiting-type card.

Gray House Room had been commandeered for a whole day by the Motor-cycle and Scooter Club members; and, after several hours of 'manning the barricades' against all comers—"I don't care if your books b— well are in here!"—they had built up an overwhelming enthusiasm.

They had chosen to sacrifice the usually amateur spirit of school societies for professional accuracy, having obtained many diagrams and illustrations from well-known firms. In their case, this seemed a sensible sacrifice to make.

Their centrepiece was a 1,000 c.c. Vincent HRD short-circuit racer, which motor-cyclists regarded with awe akin to that of a Moslem approaching the Kaaba at Mecca; and even to my inexperienced eye it was an impressive object. They performed, too, a useful service by having freely available pamphlets on such matters as scooter-care.

No elaborate preparations could, though, have been needed by OXFAM, which occupied a corner—as did many important things at the *Conversazione*—and did a pleasingly brisk trade in collecting money. A film or a talk on OXFAM's behalf might, however, have brought in even more cash.

In the same room, the exhibition by the 'Senator' was rather dull. But then the technical production of a magazine is just that. Furthermore, the editors did advertise the presence of such a magazine in the school, and managed presumably quite by chance, to sell almost a hundred and seventy copies.

In general, while praising the great amount of hard work and enterprise which went into the *Conversazione*, I feel that many displays were technically incoherent to laymen, particularly in the Chemistry, Physics and Geography sections. As a 'Swan' reporter, I personally acquired all the explanations and information I wanted, but how many other people contented themselves with an occasional, sincere but baffled 'how commendable', and continued their unenlightened course around the school? In short, written explanations of the more complicated exhibits should have been clearer and more explicit, and the boys in charge of them should have been more ready to explain them without being asked.

Otherwise, the *Conversazione* achieves only one of what I take to be its objectives. It indeed shows parents what their sons are doing; but it does not help parents to understand why they are doing them.

Finally—a sad note. I, for one, greatly missed the annual cacti display, which I always felt, in the past, was somehow the crowning glory of the *Conversazione*. PATRICK SLATER (Ex-Assistant Cacti-Arranger).

## THE LIBRARY

*Senior Librarian:* B. Attock.

*Librarians:* D. Beer, C. Burley, D. Pratt, M. Earl.

*Assistants:* A. Pell, R. Bolland, C. Davis, D. Horstead, B. Carter, G. Low.

The Library can now boast a total of well over six thousand books. This is a fair number by school library standards. A collection of over two dozen periodicals on various topics come to the Library each week. Space, however, is at a premium so it is with some relief that we hear of the proposed new site for the Library. The present Assembly Hall will be divided into two floors and it is hoped that the Library will eventually occupy the upper floor. This new arrangement will also ease the shortage of space for Vith Form private study.

The Library is being well used by members of the lower and upper school. In fact there are always at least two hundred and fifty books on loan. However, we find each year that the middle school shows relatively little interest in reading. This may be due to the fact that fewer books are written with this age-group in mind. Nevertheless we welcome suggestions as to new library books and would be pleased to hear more from this part of the school.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank those librarians who have given their time to help in the running of the Library. The librarians are all very grateful to Mr. Gibson for his help and advice and to Mr. Fallows for his assistance during Mr. Gibson's absence.

B.A.

## THE ASSEMBLY CHOIR

The Assembly Choir is now the only extant choir in the school; it does not contain all those who would sing in a Choral Society (owing to the inconvenience of the early practices!) but these extra voices often swell the ranks on occasions when a large choir is required.

As it stands, the Assembly Choir still has a membership of fifty. The standards of the choir have at least been maintained and, in many ways, improved. The tenor and bass sections, for example, are very competent sight-singers and the altos, too, are very able. The younger boys that sing treble have, for the most part, insufficient experience to be able to sight-sing proficiently, but their initiative and keenness have always contributed towards speedy and excellent results.

This can be demonstrated by the choir's achievements at this year's Slough Arts Festival. The choir had to learn two four-part pieces in four days, together with two madrigals. Thanks to a great effort by all concerned, the choir was awarded first place in the two sections it entered, and the two madrigal groups which were formed gained first and third places; the lowest mark gained by the choir and madrigal groups was eighty-five per cent.

The need to learn the pieces for the Arts Festival in such a short space of time, can be explained by the unusually large programme undertaken at the beginning of April, immediately before the Easter Holiday. On the third of April, the Slough Secondary Schools' Festival took place. On this occasion the choir sang items by Handel and Brahms and joined with other schools' choirs in the massed items, which were conducted by Frederic Jackson.

These items by the school choir were repeated on the following day, when they were performed, together with a group of negro spirituals, at a concert held in the Methodist Central Hall, in aid of the borough's 'Freedom From Hunger Campaign' effort.

Perhaps the greatest honour and experience the choir has had this year, was the demonstration given on the 25th May at the Royal Academy of Music. This demonstration formed part of a one-day conference on the history and use of Tonic Sol-fa. The ordeal of performing before an audience

almost entirely composed of school teachers and inspectors, was a good testing ground for the choir, especially for the younger boys. Although at first they appeared nervous, they did not allow this nervousness to interfere excessively with their singing.

Of course, the Assembly Choir still gives concerts at school. The almost traditional Carol Concert was again held last December. The most notable feature of this concert was the performance of works in eight parts for two choirs. The fact that we are able to tackle such pieces as Pearsall's eight-part 'In Dulci Jubilo' or Palestrina's 'Surge Illuminare' is an ample indication of the excellent standards being achieved by the Assembly Choir.

C. R. TIMMS (U VI).

### THE SENATOR

*Patron:* Mr. Willett.

*Editorial Board:* D. Jeacock, T. Murphy, M. Rouse, R. Skidmore, C. A. Timms.

'Yes. Good idea.' That is what Mr. Willett called the idea of a VIth Form magazine last December. Since then, other, more picturesque names have been applied to it.

After much head scratching and pen-chewing 'It' got the name that it still officially bears. On 5th December Senator No. 100, after a very dubious start, crept furtively onto the scene. After an uphill struggle in which the now rare No. 101 was forced reluctantly on to the stage, the magazine reached the beginning of the Spring Term. At the time the Literary Competition was organized. This proved a hilarious farce. Even after nearly eight weeks intensive sales promotion there was not a single entry.

Not put off by their failure to get literary work out of their readers, the Editors, who, meanwhile, had obtained the heading that adorned several issues of the Senator, determined at great personal peril to organize what is grandiosely known as The Inter-House Knock-Out General Knowledge Contest. Two hundred and sixteen questions were prepared. The winning house was Herschel.

During this period the Senator was produced fortnightly but by the time this appears in print anything might have happened (and probably will have done).

Finally we should like to give our thanks to all our contributors for the articles they have written, to all the typists who have been roped in to get the magazine out on time, to Mr. Willett for all his assistance in every field, to Mr. Swann and Mr. Turner for their assistance in the General Knowledge Contest, and finally to Mrs. Kemp for her unending patience with the people who are always in a hurry.

THE SENATOR.

### SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

*Chairman:* M. C. Kolaszynski.

*Secretary:* R. Moore.

*Treasurer:* K. G. Hickson.

This year the Scientific Society, although meeting quite often, did not attempt an ambitious programme. Several film shows have been arranged throughout the year. The topics of the films were extremely varied, and all members at one time or other saw a film which suited their own particular interests.

The main scientific event of the year is always the annual Conversazione. As usual the Physics and Chemistry departments put on an impressive show—many of the demonstrators were members of the Society.

We should like to thank Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Crocombe for sponsoring our meetings.

ROGER MOORE (Hon. Secretary).

### THE PLAY READING AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

This society has been in existence barely three months. At the outset our aims were to provide, for those interested, a more frequent opportunity to exercise their dramatic talents, and to concentrate on modern plays, as opposed to the more traditional pieces performed for public showing. Apparently people were interested in finding an outlet for their dramatic energies, and a reasonable number regularly attended meetings. In fulfilling the second of these aims, however, we have been rather delayed. We were not able at once to give attention to modern plays, for copies had to be obtained from outside sources. In mid-February, therefore, we read Shaw's 'Pygmalion'. This was followed by Henry Fielding's 'Tom Thumb The Great', a satire on the chief tragedies in drama. Currently the younger members of the society, under the direction of Mr. File, have entered a one act play in the Slough Arts Festival. This is H. H. Munro's 'The Death Trap', a remarkably short, but exciting drama of suspense. Steps are already being taken to bring our material up to date and very shortly we hope to do Pinter's 'The Caretaker' and Osborne's 'Look Back in Anger'.

The Fifth Form, in particular, have shown an interest in drama extending beyond the annual school play. Recently they performed an abridged version of Shakespeare's 'Richard II'. Under the directorship of Mr. File they put in a commendable amount of work on the play; work, which undoubtedly yielded its rewards. Thus the Dramatic Society may claim to have preserved an even balance between the old and the new. Shakespeare will, of course, continue to be performed, but now such dramatists as Wesker and Osborne can also be given an airing in the school.

P. O'LEARY (U VI).

### THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

*Chairman:* M. G. Solomon. *Secretary:* S. Kochanowski.

*Treasurer:* D. J. Morris.

There has been no change in the number of members this year, the majority of members coming from the first and second forms and from the faithful VI Form. Nonetheless some very valuable work has been done by those few members from the middle school.

The Society has, this year, affiliated itself to the Middle Thames Natural History Society thus giving the School Society members the advantage of attending the meetings of an adult outside Society.

The Society began its activities this year with a pond life guest which was attended entirely by VI Formers.

This was quickly followed by a film show. The annual Fungus Foray was held fairly early this year at Burnham Beeches and was well attended.

Specimens collected at the foray were exhibited at school on the following day.

Towards the end of the Autumn Term an illustrated talk was given by P. Bradley on Wild Waterfowl in preparation for a Middle Thames N.H.S. meeting at Virginia Water. The talk and the meeting were a great success.

Also during the Autumn Term and throughout the Christmas holidays the local Badger Set was kept under observation and attempts were made at taking photographs.

There was also another film show during the term.

The Spring Term saw a decline in the Society's activities—this being mainly due to exceptionally bad weather. However, indoor activities were undertaken.

Time-lapse photography was suggested and a cine-camera was cheaply bought for that purpose. Work is still being done on this subject.

Also a successful attempt was made at hatching some trout eggs, for which purpose an ingenious and complicated apparatus was devised by D. Solomon of the V Form.

The third year VI also attempted to incubate some chicken eggs and embryos of various eggs were examined and mounted. Unfortunately, owing to extremely bad luck we could not entice even one chick to hatch.

High hopes are held for the Summer Term, the weather permitting, and interesting meetings are planned.

Members are reminded that they are entitled to attend all the Middle Thames N.H.S. meetings and they are strongly urged to do so.

The rest of the school, especially the III, IV and V Forms, are asked to show just a little more interest and enthusiasm in the Society, if not this year, then in following years.

Finally, we should like to thank Dr. Colombo and Mr. Binstead for all the help and enthusiasm they have shown without which the Society would certainly find it impossible to exist.

S. KOCHANOWSKI.

#### MUSIC SOCIETY

Chairman: C. A. Timms. Treasurer: R. J. Ferris.  
Secretary: K. L. Rowe.

The control of the Music Society this year, owing to the apathy of the Upper VIth members, had to be undertaken by members of the Lower VIth. However, the meetings proved to be most successful and interest in serious music in the school appears to be growing steadily.

The committee is indebted to those members of the staff and of the school who were kind enough to prepare programmes for us. An extremely wide range of music was covered in our meetings, and composers ranged from Bach to Bernstein.

All in all this has been a very encouraging year and we look forward with confidence to another year of increased interest. Special thanks are due to Mr. Moutrie without whose unfailing toil and advice this Society could hardly exist.

KEITH L. ROWE (Secretary).

#### THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Chairman: P. Dando. Secretary: R. Willson. Treasurer: P. Roberts.

The Society was revived late in the Autumn Term after a period of hibernation following the departure of Mr. Hooley the previous Easter. Since then our programme has included an illustrated talk on 'Iron Age Art' by Mr. Shelley and a film on the excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum, but we have not yet received a reply to our application for twelve VIth Form members to go on a week's 'dig' this August.

Finally we should like to extend our sincere thanks to Messrs. Turner and Shelley for their unfailing assistance and guidance throughout the year.

R. WILLSON (Secretary).

#### STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

Hon. Secretaries: E. Lucas-Smith, W. Birmingham.  
Treasurer: D. Garrod.

This has been a mixed year for the S.C.M. with some activities well supported, others not. Regular Thursday afternoon meetings have been held, their theme for the first term being the humanitarian aspect of Christian life. Speakers ranging from prison visitors to social workers were invited and gave some very absorbing talks. In the Spring Term we were treated to some challenging talks such as 'God—Santa Claus or Policeman?' The most interesting of the meetings was a talk and a discussion of the pamphlet 'Towards a Quaker view of Sex?', in which we were pleased to welcome Mrs. Gee, who had been a principal speaker at last year's S.C.M. conference. This meeting was forced to a premature end after two hours.

Representatives of the group also attended the S.C.M.S. conference at King's College, London, during the Christmas holidays. E. Lucas-Smith was one of the six people from many schools to give a report on activities undertaken during the previous school year; our activity was the Bible Exhibition.

Attendances at Tuesday prayer meetings have, however, been very low, and the committee are unable to understand this apathy, when the time involved hardly ever exceeds ten minutes.

Thanks must go to the study group leaders who hold their meetings regularly, and also to those few members of the lower VI who are at last showing signs of interest. The committee would last like to thank Mr. Slater whose help and energy are always much appreciated.

#### PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Chairman: G. Watson. Vice-Chairman: A. Muir.  
Secretary: R. Croker. Treasurer: B. Hynam.  
Chemist: P. Dando.

As usual the Society has had a good year. Membership increased and we bought more apparatus. Passport photographs were taken of those boys who travelled abroad this Easter.

The highlight of the year was our success in the First Annual Exhibition of the Langley Photographic Society. We entered the 15-18 years schools' section. M. Watson was first, S. Cleaver second, and G. Watson third. Honourable mentions were gained by B. Hynam and S. Cleaver.

Once again we gave an enlarging display at the annual Conversazione. The colour slides shown were taken and processed by members of the Society. We held regular competitions amongst members of the Society. Talks were given, illustrated by slides borrowed from Ilford and Kodak.

We thank Mr. Crocombe for his help and encouragement. We also thank Mrs. Taylor and Dr. Colombo for the use of the dark-room.

R. CROKER (Secretary).

#### THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Chairman: P. Newby. Secretary: J. Virgo.  
Treasurer: R. Sherlock. Committee: A. Mayo, P. Robson.

The Society has had a moderately successful year but the bad weather during the winter made an indoor programme necessary. This consisted mainly of films on foreign history. In February members together with many non-members spent an enjoyable evening when Miss M. Fraser, the well-known local historian, gave an interesting lecture on Local History. Much of the Spring Term was taken up with preparations for the Conversazione. The subject chosen was 'Local History' and the result was very enlightening, especially as this was the first time the Society had entered the Conversazione.

It has been the policy of the Society in the past to organize an annual expedition. Unfortunately support was not forthcoming for this year's proposed trip to Oxford. We sincerely hope that this event will be supported in the future for this the Society's most important annual activity.

The Society is forever widening its scope of activities, especially in conjunction with the Archaeological Society who are organizing a dig this Autumn. It is hoped that we shall gain the moral and financial support that we need to organize more activities on this line. Finally, I would like to thank Messrs. Wharmby and Turner for their continued help and interest at all times.

J. VIRGO.



## JAZZ CLUB

*Presidents:* Mr. R. Willett and Mr. J. S. Boardall.  
*Secretary:* C. Evans. *Treasurer:* G. Thomas.  
*Committee:* M. Bailey and D. Gardner.

During the past year the club has met regularly twice a week, traditional section on Thursdays, moderns on Fridays. Since membership has been extended down to the IVth Form, attendances have swollen considerably, making this year the most successful yet in that respect, and also necessitating the use of the lecture room once again. We have heard during the year a representative selection of jazz music on record, and, in addition, two inspiring talks by members of staff from both camps—Mr. Mansfield on Art Tatum and Mr. Norris on Humphrey Lyttelton. We are also deeply indebted to Messrs. Boardall and Willett for their invaluable assistance both in running the meetings and in the selection of records. We look forward to an even more successful year in 1963, when it is hoped to introduce some live jazz and a folk-music section.

C.E. and D.G.

## ANGLING SOCIETY

*Sponsor:* Mr. Howard. *Chairman:* K. L. Elliott. *Secretary:* D. M. Parsons.  
*Treasurer:* R. Loomes. *Match Secretary:* J. Lynch.  
*Committee:* E. Lear, J. Prout, R. Carter, A. Moore, M. Moore.

The School Angling Society has had another very successful season. New members were numerous and match attendances have improved significantly. We have now joined the 'ton up' membership societies (having 107 members) and class ourselves alongside the Jazz Club and Student Christian Movement. R. Smith (third year) caught the biggest fish—a tench of 2 lbs. 8 ozs. for which he won a trophy, and K. Elliott once again won the cup for gaining most match points. We felt that no one person was good enough to qualify for the wooden spoon, since the candidates were too many. We also have only one 'ducking' to report and Harman of the III Form took charge in that department! Once more we are indebted to Mr. Howard for his patient guidance.

K. Elliott, I. Sturrock and C. Thurston represented the Society at the Thames Confederation Match in September and on a poor fishing day K. Elliott came sixth out of 250 anglers in his section. There was also a comparatively unsuccessful sea fishing trip to Seaford (Sussex) on a very blustery day with a rough sea presenting poor conditions. A good time was spent by all participants, however. Matches in general have been farther afield with several matches at Sonning and Thorney Weir and one at Alperton (Middlesex).

A camping/fishing holiday is planned for this summer holiday (Thursday, 25th July–Thursday, 1st August) to the Hampshire Avon. Also, should interest justify it, a trip to Ireland is proposed to take place in a corresponding period next year. Here's wishing tight lines in the future!

D. M. PARSONS (L VI, Milton).

## THE PRINTING CLUB

*Secretary:* M. C. Kolaszynski.

Another successful year has resulted from the industrious efforts of all the members. Expansion has been limited only by the availability of space in the school. More equipment has been purchased in order to curb soaring profits. For the excellent display in this year's *Conversazione* the club is indebted to G. Moore and C. Willson. Great credit is due to the other members who have given their services so generously throughout the year. Thanks go also to Mr. Richards for his guiding hand.

M.C.K.

## ART CLUB

Various activities have continued throughout the year. Work on the settings for the school play was keenly carried out by a number of members. Individual work during art club meetings becomes increasingly enterprising, particularly amongst junior members. With the promise of new facilities we look forward eagerly to next year.

P.H.

## OXFAM

At the beginning of the Spring Term, 1963, members of the school were asked to pledge themselves to give weekly contributions to the newly-started campaign in aid of OXFAM—the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief. The response to this appeal has so far been very encouraging for over four-fifths of the pupils donate, and the amount collected usually totals about £9 each week. Thus, during the thirteen weeks of the Spring Term the sum of £118 was raised. It therefore appears that the majority of school members are far from being apathetic towards one of the world's most pressing and serious problems, but are prepared, when asked, to help those trying both to relieve the immediate effects of hunger and to provide tractors, seeds, livestock, training and irrigation schemes so that the hungry can combat hunger themselves. Admittedly, the money given by the school can only help an extremely small number of those in need, but until the time when no-one goes hungry, every contribution, however small, is vital for those whose survival depends on it.

In fact, this school has been one of the first in the area to realize the necessity and obligation of helping the starving to help themselves. Many members have, in addition, played an active part outside school, as in the Jumble Sale last May and in the F.A.O. collections in Slough this year, to raise money for the starving and to promote public concern and support. Action such as this can do much to aid the humanitarian struggle against hunger now being waged by OXFAM and affiliated organizations in all corners of the globe.

Nevertheless, despite the achievements already accomplished by members of the school in raising money, there is certainly no room for complacency, and it is hoped that in the months to come we shall continue, if not surpass our previous efforts.

## THE WOODWORK CLUB

*Chairman:* C. J. Ramsdale. *Secretary:* K. L. Ralph. *Treasurer:* A. Pell.  
*Committee:* M. J. Ward, B. C. Walker.

The Woodwork Club is in its second year and has grown into a flourishing and popular society.

On Friday evenings during the term members of the club can work on projects of their own choice, some of which were shown at this year's *Conversazione*.

This year marked the club's first film shows and a trip to the Victoria and Albert Museum. Among the work undertaken for the school were the sets for the plays presented by the Dramatic Society and the French Circle.

Just after Easter we moved into the new Woodwork Shop which is a great improvement on the old. The more spacious and lighter accommodation with new benches and equipment provides an ideal setting for future work.

Boatbuilding is a flourishing branch of the club and, in co-operation with the outdoor activities group, should continue to expand in the new workshop.

Finally, we should like to express our thanks to Mr. Doncaster for his invaluable guidance and advice.

K. L. RALPH.

## DEBATING SOCIETY

Chairman: Mr. R. Willett. Vice-Chairman: D. Pratt.  
Secretary: G. Thomas.

Once again the Society has organized an ambitious programme of debates, the subjects ranging from the desirable features of a desert island, to the grimmer aspects of the Cold War. The quality of speeches has been comparatively high, but often, very few people have bothered to come and listen. One lunch-time debate, however, was extremely well attended, and in future we may hold our meetings at this time, instead of after school. The annual inter-house debating competition was won this year by Milton, whose team of P. O'Leary and R. Sherlock vanquished the Herschel team of D. Pratt and D. Morris. For the smooth running of the Society throughout the year, we must thank the committee and especially our chairman, Mr. Willett, who thought up so many interesting motions.

D. PRATT (Secretary).

## THE GEOGRAPHICAL AND GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Chairman: N. B. Hearn. Secretary: G. G. Thomas.  
Treasurer: P. Newby. Committee: R. Barrett, S. Mrowka, T. Tindall.

For the second year since its secession from the Geographical and Historical Society, the Geographical and Geological Society has once again successfully proved its independence. The Society has had an active year, and despite its short history has this year been one of the few societies of the school to top 100 in membership.

The large increase in the number of members has enabled the Society to present more film shows than was previously possible. Films were shown covering a wide range of places of geographical interest from the remote West African rain forest to the homeliness of our own Gloucestershire countryside. The most outstanding and well attended showing was a magnificent filmed account of the recent crossing of Antarctica by Dr. Vivien Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary. In addition an illustrated lecture on Wales, using colour slides taken by members of the Society, was given by a member of staff, Mr. Evans, whose Welsh nationality particularly qualified him for the task.

It is hoped in the Summer Term to arrange a day trip of geographical interest, possibly to Cheddar Gorge, and also to obtain further films of interest for showing to the Society.

Finally, a word of thanks to Mr. Evans and Mr. Portus for the support which they have given to the Society, and in particular, to G. G. Thomas, the Society secretary, whose services have been of great value.

N.B.H.

## CHESS CLUB

Chairman: Mr. J. Moutrie.  
Secretary: R. Moss. Treasurer: B. Shelley.

Membership of the Club reached 100 this year, due mainly to the astonishing enthusiasm of first and second formers. We are not sure whether to construe this as a genuine love of the game or as a means of getting into school during dinner hour. Certainly there are times when the latter seems more probable, for it is mental agony watching some of the junior games, which blatantly ignore every convention in the game.

The school Chess Team had quite a successful season, winning eight matches and losing six. For the first time in the history of the Club we reached the second round of the *Sunday Times* National Schools' Chess Tournament, having a bye in the first round; this at any rate offered us some compensation for our defeat in the second round.

Many of our losses were suffered through careless middle-game play. Some players, after a perfectly sound opening, suddenly lost patience and recklessly blundered away pieces, while others attempted inspired sacrifices, which, however, rarely succeeded. One player in fact made quite a practice of sacrificing his queen.

The senior team was chosen from R. Moss (capt.), M. Freestone, J. Stanford, B. Shelley, C. Hare, J. Grant, R. Pallett and P. Firth, and the junior team from A. Thatcher (capt.), A. Cross, H. Lunn, G. Naylor, C. Parker, A. John, P. House, M. Bell, S. Hatch and I. Hughes.

Finally we should like to thank Mr. Moutrie for his help and advice to us.

R. C. MOSS (Secretary).

## THIS YEAR'S PROBLEM (Composed by G. NAYLOR)

White to play and mate in two.

Solution: Key move given on page 52.



## THE THEATRE AND FILM SOCIETY

Chairman: P. Newby. Treasurer: D. J. Pratt. Secretary: D. Ray.

This year's report takes the form of a letter from the secretary who is currently enjoying a holiday in Majorca at our expense.

Dear Members,  
Having a wonderful time! Wish I could say 'I wish you were here', but since the Society has had only limited success—due, in the main, to financial difficulties—you can only just afford my holiday. Only some inspired fiddling by the Treasurer kept the entire Committee out of jail. However, in spite of this we managed to show three films: 'The General', featuring Buster Keaton, 'The Private Life of a Cat' starring, of all things, a Cat, and 'The Childhood of Maxim Gorky'. Mr. Moutrie kindly provided a suitably vulgar piano accompaniment to the former which greatly added to our enjoyment. Our last presentation was put on to aid students of the Russian language. Most observers are, however, of the opinion that they cheated and watched the sub titles.

We also arranged three theatre visits, to see 'The New Man' (adapted from Sir C. P. Snow's novel), the revival of 'King Lear' at the Aldwych and recently 'The Private Ear and Public Eye'. A gloomy time was had by all.



Next term a new Committee is to take over the running of the Society, and it has already had a few tips on the citizen's rights. I am sure that they will be found to be of great use. All that remains is to thank our past helpers—A. Muir (Projectionist), J. Virgo (Publicity), P. Slater (Legal Adviser) and last and least of all our sponsor, Mr. Willett.

DAVID PRATT.

### THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Conductor: Mr. J. Moutrie.

Once again the School Orchestra is indebted to the enthusiasm of its conductor, Mr. Moutrie. Our numbers increased in September with more players in the brass section and with several wood-wind instruments for the first time in the orchestra's history. The result has been to transform a chamber group into a miniature symphony orchestra.

We entered the Slough Arts Festival both this year and last. Last year we were second, one point behind Slough High School and this year we did even better and won.

We also played at the school carol concert and accompanied Bach's 'Sleepers Wake!' earlier in the year. Even with so many new players we still have a far from balanced ensemble, but we hope that over the coming year we may develop into a polished symphony.

L. J. FIELD (V B) (Leader).

### THE MOTORCYCLE AND SCOOTER CLUB

Chairman: M. G. Hatt. Treasurer: R. McGoun. Secretary: S. Cleaver.

In December, when this club was formed, many doubts were voiced as to its viability. It was pointed out that the club would have a limited appeal and that its activities would be restricted by the rules of the school, in that machines cannot be brought within the gates. The cynics have been proved wrong, since the club has prospered and now has more than ten keen members, all possessing some form of two-wheeled, motorized transport.

The club was formed with the idea of encouraging interest in motorcycling and scooter-riding, and improving the standard of riding in the school. To this end, it was decided that membership would be open to anyone owning a machine, but that club runs should be restricted to holders of full driving licences. Since the inception of the club, five members have undertaken a course of instruction by the Farnham Royal Motorcycle Club under the R.A.C./A.C.U. learner-training scheme.

During the past months several films have been shown covering all aspects of riding; speakers, too, have been welcomed from the Farnham Royal club. Although only in its first year the club submitted an ambitious exhibit to the annual Conversazione. Added life was imparted to the display by Brian Symes, who nobly volunteered to 'dissect' an engine in public.

During the past months we regret that club runs have not been possible, owing to the inclemency of the English climate (the committee then displayed L-plates anyway!) However, a route-finding trial is being organized at the time of going to press, and further club runs to various sporting events are planned for the future. An evening trip will be arranged, to the R.O.S.P.A. exhibition in London, and it is hoped that factory visits will also be possible. In addition to these excursions, we propose to continue our fortnightly meetings, every other Wednesday evening, with talks, quizzes or film shows.

The club now has a small reference library of informative literature on every conceivable aspect of motorcycling and scootering, which is available for loan to members. While the club does not want to collect 'passengers' in any sense of the word, any keen riders will always be welcome, whether experienced or otherwise.

S.D.C.

### METALWORK CLUB

Chairman: B. H. Pickering. Secretary: R. Fountain. Treasurer: J. Brooks.

The Metalwork Club was formed only at the beginning of this school year and already it is enjoying measurable success. Meetings were held after school and we would like to thank Mr. Shield for his supervision of these meetings and for inspiring such keenness. We are sad to say, however, that just recently our activities have been restricted owing to the reconstruction of the Metalwork Shop. However a visit to the Victoria and Albert Museum was arranged in conjunction with the Woodwork Club which proved very successful and it is hoped that future visits to other places of interest will be arranged. We hope attendances will stay at their present high level.

R. H. FOUNTAIN.

## HOUSE NOTES

### GRAY HOUSE

Senior House Master: Dr. K. F. Colombo.

House Captain: D. Beer. Sports Captain: J. Virgo.

House Secretary: P. Hinchcliffe.

House Prefects: D. Garrod, S. Hainz, A. Alderman, P. Bradley, P. Newby.

Although the general academic standard of the House has in no way fallen this year, we have not had any scholastic achievements to rank with last year's crop of State Scholarships. Our record of successes, therefore, is to be found mainly in the field of sport.

Despite our defeat in last year's cricket competition, the House put up a creditable performance in the football matches this year, winning the senior section. In last year's tennis tournament we gained a convincing victory, due largely to B. Kelley whose consistently fine play has secured for him a prominent position in the school tennis six as well as distinction in national competitions.

We did not repeat our previous success on Sports Day, but it is pleasing to note that yet again we obtained the highest number of Standard points. Already well into this year's athletic season, we look forward to another universal effort from members of the House.

Although on the whole we lacked individual athletic talent, several members distinguished themselves outside the School Sports. J. Virgo, P. Virgo, D. Beer and M. Rouse ran well in the County Sports, and R. Barrett must be congratulated on his splendid performance at the National championships where he came eighth in the half-mile.

The most outstanding feature of our sporting achievements, however, lay in our third successive win in the House Cross Country Championships. Gray House finished a clear 108 points ahead of the nearest rival. Cross country running has remained our strong point for several years now, and once again we contributed six members towards the school team. Two of these gained further honours for the House. M. Rouse was selected for the Bucks (Under 17) County Team and D. Beer was chosen as reserve for the (Under 19) team.

In other school activities we have played a leading part. In the French play C. A. Timms gave a good performance, and D. Garner distinguished himself both in the French and the English play. Much of the technical side of these productions was looked after by members of the House, and once more the excellent scenery was due largely to the efforts of J. Virgo and P. Virgo.

At the end of last year we said goodbye to Stuart Baxter, our captain and Head boy of the school. He is now attending Liverpool University. M. French and J. Mearns are both at King's College, London, and A. Elliston is at Imperial College. To Birmingham University we sent P. Serjent and P. Skillings. J. Burden, last year's House Secretary, is now just finishing one year's practical farming, after which he will go up to Wye College, London. P. Grimwood is studying chemistry at Hertford College, Oxford.

Due largely to the work of our House Masters this year's efforts have revealed once more the strong House spirit of which we are proud.

Let us look to the future with even greater determination.

P.H.

### HAMPDEN HOUSE

*Senior House Master: Mr. Vivash.*

*House Captain: C. Timms.*

*Vice-Captain: G. Bull.*

*Games Captain: M. Boweren.*

*Cricket: G. Bull.*

*Football: G. Bull.*

*Tennis: C. Timms.*

*Cross Country: C. Hughes.*

*Athletics: M. Boweren.*

*House Prefects: W. Merritt, R. Kingston, C. Blount, K. Hickson, C. Hughes.*

On the whole Hampden House has had a reasonably successful year, both academically and on the sports field.

In the academic field, C. Timms, this year's head boy, was awarded a state scholarship in Music and has now brought further honour to his school and his house by winning an Open Scholarship in Music to Emmanuel College, Cambridge. H. Froggatt, our vice-captain last year, again qualified for a state scholarship and the other results at both 'A' and 'O' levels were very creditable. Members of the House now at Universities or Training College are: M. Billington (Teacher's T.C.), M. Stenning (Imperial College, London), N. Taylor (Manchester), C. Marshall (C.E.M.), A. Smyth (L.S.E.), E. Husbands (Newland's Park), R. Cobbett (Birmingham C.A.T.). T. Daly is now at Sandhurst and P. Willis, T. Lewis and B. Groatley have embarked upon their future careers. C. Doyle, our house captain last year, is doing a further year's study—at Slough College—before going to University. We wish them the best of luck in their future careers.

On the games field we have had mixed fortunes. M. Boweren, G. Bull, M. Holder played for the Cricket 1st XI and the house cricket team won the house championships, winning all three matches. We also came second in Tennis and were runners-up in the School Sports, thanks mainly to the efforts of R. Flower, H. Froggatt and C. Doyle, who also represented the county in the All-England sports. R. Flower must be further congratulated on gaining third place in the All-England 440 yards. The enthusiasm towards the gaining of standard points was rather mild, and this year we must strive even harder to maintain our standards in Athletics.

During the winter we have supplied many members for the school teams. M. Holder, G. Bull and C. Timms played for the Football 1st XI, and thanks to a fine effort by the intermediate section, we came second in the house championships. We would like to congratulate K. Messenger and G. Olson, of this house, who represented both the Under 15 district and the county at football. C. Ramsdale was a member of the School Cross Country team, and in this field we were runners-up in the house championships. M. Boweren, A. Gooch, B. Higginson, J. Humphries and P. Roberts played for the Rugby XV and B. Walker and C. Rowe for the Hockey XI.

After a reasonably successful year we look forward to an even more successful year; we would also like to express our appreciation for the enthusiasm and interest shown by our House Masters.

G.E.B.

### HERSCHEL HOUSE

*Senior House Master: Mr. J. Wharmby.*

*House Captain: J. S. Le Page. Vice-Captain: C. Evans.*

This year members have maintained their energetic and relentless efforts in every field. Owing to unprecedented opposition by other houses, their successes this year, have been more limited than usual.

Our debaters reached the final of the debating competition, only to be defeated by an incredibly narrow margin. Morale, has, however, been maintained at its usually high level, bordering at times on over-confidence.

Despite the fact that by the rota, it was the turn of Herschel House to win the inter-house sports trophy, members of the other houses, refused to behave in a gentlemanly fashion and combined against the less ruthless and more polite athletes of Herschel. It is now seven years since Herschel have held the trophy. There being only four houses, our success appears to be a little overdue.

On the sports field, various members of the house have distinguished themselves during the last year. I. Taylor, A. Johnson and M. Holloway represented their county at the All-England Athletics Championships in the Javelin, Triple Jump and Pole Vault respectively.

Herschel House supplied both the Captain and Vice-Captain of the School Rugby Team in C. Evans and G. J. Thomas. Thomas was further honoured in being selected to represent Bucks in the County Team.

The school Hockey captain, J. Le Page, was again chosen as a member of the Bucks Team which played in the Inter-Counties Tournament at Seaforth College.

Though as a school, we do not participate too actively in swimming, we entered a team in the Slough Schools' Annual Gala in which P. Griffiths acquitted himself well, winning the fiercely contested 100 yards freestyle event and breaking the existing record by a wide margin.

Of the senior boys who are leaving this term to University on their chosen careers special mention should be made of the House Captain, John Le Page, who has gained a place at Wadham College, Oxford, to read Natural Sciences and Ralph Darnell who has secured a Direct Entry Commission with the R.A.F.

To conclude, the house wishes to thank all its members for their enthusiastic support throughout the year, and particularly all the house masters.

M.C.K.

### MILTON HOUSE

*Senior House Master: Mr. Wall.*

*House Captain: R. Moore. Vice-Captain: C. Burley.*

*Football: R. Sherlock.*

*Athletics and Cross Country: E. Thomas.*

During this past year Milton House has without doubt had one of its most successful years both in the sporting and academic fields. Not all this success is due to a few naturally outstanding boys but to a good all-round effort by the majority of the house members. For when a team is needed to take part in a competition, there is no lack of willingness and enthusiasm from our representatives. It is this determination that has at last borne fruit—for during the past year, the house's sporting achievements have been very impressive.

In the football competition all three age groups did extremely well. In fact, out of nine games played, we suffered only one defeat. This effort was sufficient to secure the championship. R. Sherlock captained the senior eleven, and B. Street and K. Hampton captained the intermediate and junior teams.

Our outstanding sporting achievement of the year has been the winning of the athletic championship. In addition to this our junior competitors won the cup for their section. Much credit for this performance must go to P. Spooner, the athletics captain, whose own example and continual encouragement helped to make this victory possible.

Apart from our success in athletics and football, the House Cricket XI and Tennis Six were runners-up in their competitions.

These sporting successes have been helped considerably by a 'solid core' of Milton House members who have represented the school with distinction. The following boys gained recognition, in the form of either full or half colours, for their sporting prowess: C. Bass (Football and Cricket); D. Coe (Football); R. Johnson, R. Moore (Cricket); C. Pryce (Rugby); C. Sherlock, R. Sherlock (Football); E. Thomas (Running and Cricket).

In the house debating competition, Milton, represented by P. O'Leary and R. Sherlock, won a narrow victory over Herschel. This is the second time that Milton has been victorious in this contest since its initiation.

Our thanks must go to our Senior House Master, Mr. Wall, and to our house masters, without whose encouragement and support during the last year, successes would not have been possible.

R. MOORE.

## TRAVEL

U.S.S.R., 1963

'Can I go to Russia next year, Dad?'

'Can you go where?'

This was a typical parental response on hearing of the suggestion put forward early in 1962 that a school party should visit the U.S.S.R., at Easter, 1963. Opposition, nevertheless, was obviously soon overcome, for on Monday, 22nd April, 1963, twenty-two boys, guarded by Messrs. Avis and Boardall, waved a temporary farewell to their native land and set sail from Tilbury in the Russian motorship *Estonia*.

Copenhagen, our first port of call, is a glittering city when the sun shines; for us the weather remained obstinately dull and cloudy. A coach tour showed us the sights—so many were grieved that the famous Carlsberg Brewery was not receiving visitors—and we were then free to make our own private visits to shops and places of interest. Most of us went to see the famous 'Little Mermaid' statue which, although striking, was considerably smaller than we had expected. The Tivoli Gardens, one of the showpieces of Scandinavia, were, sadly, still closed for the winter.

After nearly ramming a frigate and a ferry-boat on our way out of Copenhagen docks, we had a pleasant but uneventful voyage through the Baltic until, on the evening of Friday, 26th, we met something we expected to have left in England—ice. And how impressive it was! Needing an ice-breaker to clear a path for us, we sailed cautiously through a white world—with alarming crackings and scrapings giving the impression that the ship's hull was too thin for its task. Our fears were not allayed when we stuck fast for four hours, unable to move.

Saturday morning brought us to Leningrad, 'Venice of the North'. Customs formalities were completed on board—were we carrying any opium or hashish, indeed!—and we were soon ashore. After being 'adopted' by our charming Intourist guide, Alla, we lunched at one of Leningrad's top hotels;

obviously shown off with pride by the Russians, but not quite the same as the London Hilton. Then off on a coach tour; the Winter Palace, the Peter and Paul Fortress, St. Isaac's Cathedral, the Leningrad Soviet, or Guildhall, the Admiralty, and the old cruiser *Aurora*, which began a new phase in Russian history by firing the first shot in the 1917 Revolution.

After dinner at the hotel, we split into parties, each of which visited a Russian educational centre. I went to 'English School No. 1', where the pupils specialized in the study of English. After watching a concert in English, arranged partly in honour of the British tourists and partly to celebrate May Day, we talked with some of the pupils; the 16- and 17-year-olds already have an astonishing command of English, particularly spoken English. Some of the Russian girls were highly impressed with Slough Grammar School's specimens of masculinity (as well they should be), and we were pined with addresses and feverishly begged to write letters as soon as we got home!

Sunday morning found us visiting the Palace of Young Pioneers, the centre where young children are educated. The marble interior was colourful and regal—the building was formerly a royal residence—but the atmosphere seemed rather artificial, as though the children were being indoctrinated instead of straightforwardly schooled. The architecture and interior décor were even more beautiful at the Hermitage Museum, part of which is the Winter Palace, but the atmosphere here was more like that at Hampton Court. Marble, gilt, gold, jewels, and precious metals had been used unsparingly in every room, providing a sumptuous background for the many examples of painting and sculpture.

As Russian shops are open on Sunday, we braved the language barrier and did some shopping. Some of us travelled on the Metro; the escalators



Photo by A. Livingston

Portrait of Lenin at Entrance of Economic Exhibition.

are very long (we tried running up one!) the trains are faster than those in London, and the distance between stations greater. The stations, built of marble and glass, are more like palaces than railway stations. But, of course, the system is very much younger than the London Underground.

We left for Moscow by night train, bidden au revoir by our school friends. Arriving in the capital of the Communist world at the unearthly hour of 6.10 a.m., we transferred to our hotel and promptly went back to bed, only to be roused by the prospect of food. Then began our four days of coach tours; tours of the city, visits to Moscow State University, the Kremlin, the Exhibition of Economic Achievements of the U.S.S.R., housing estates, the Tchaikovsky Theatre.

The climax of the visit was Wednesday, 1st May, May Day, the Day of All Workers. We were allotted places in Manège Square, not far from Red Square, and had a good view of the tanks, missiles, and atomic cannon with which Mr. Khrushchev frequently threatens Mr. Kennedy. If, as reported, the May Day military parade comprises merely a few per cent of Russia's total number of war vehicles, we must hope that they used up enough fuel on this one morning to make another war impossible! The slogans proclaiming 'Peace to all Nations' adorning every building seemed incongruous in face of this great display of military might. Then followed the people, thousand upon thousands of them, representatives from every State in the Soviet Union, singing, waving flags, carrying banners, and generally celebrating; this, naturally, was strictly non-political. Under the dazzling sun—Moscow on May Day wore short sleeves in 72°F.—the parade was gay, colourful, and seemingly unending. People were still streaming through the streets far into the night, for to the Russians this is the day of the year for the people. The predominant colour of the decorations was red; the blood of those who fell in the Revolution, the Glorious Revolution, is still remembered.

Certain contrasts were noticeable between Moscow and Leningrad. The people in Moscow were in general rather better dressed, but prices of clothes were still high—£10 for a pair of shoes, £30 for a poorly-cut suit. Leningrad is a more European city than Moscow; its inhabitants are friendlier and more polite—quite prepared to talk to strangers, they are eager for information about the West, while the Muscovite tends to be more curt and less ready to start a conversation. Moscow's modern housing estates probably provide better living conditions than the rather drab houses so common in Leningrad, but cracks are already appearing in the Moscow blocks of flats.

Regretfully we left Moscow on the afternoon of 2nd May by train for Leningrad; both trains on which we travelled departed exactly on time and reached their destination exactly on time—how about that, British Railways? When we arrived at Leningrad it was once more proved that British students have great charm; some of the school girls had come out at 10 p.m. on a rainy night to meet us. The American lady who travelled with our party was completely astonished.

Seeing the brightly illuminated *Estonia* in Leningrad docks gave us a feeling of coming home. We became really attached to that gay little ship, hardly bigger than a Channel ferry. A day at sea was spent tidying up cabins, before we reached Stockholm on Saturday morning. Some of the braver, or more foolhardy, members of the party arose at 4.30 a.m. to watch the approach to the city through the beautiful fjord. Stockholm, Venice of the North—yes, another one! A coach tour once more showed us the sights; the City Hall, the palaces, churches, and the 'English country garden' setting of the Embassy colony. The two things that struck us most in Sweden were the high prices—to match the high standard of living—and the extremely pretty girls. It was generally agreed that a return visit to Stockholm was indicated.

Now we were practically home; all that remained to us was a farewell celebration evening when several of the boys took part in the ship's Fancy-Dress Ball. Alas, there was little success, except for the brave, devoted unfortunate who was wrapped in a considerable amount of toilet-paper and

paraded on a makeshift stretcher as an Egyptian mummy. Lying flat on his back on the floor after a nine-course dinner did him no good at all, but he was consoled by the sight of a prize.

Thus the *Estonia* sailed triumphantly up the Thames on Tuesday, 7th May; by 6 p.m. we were back at school, regretting the comparative shortness of the trip. We commented on the greenery of England, in great contrast to the flat, colourless landscape of Russia, where the trees had no leaves. This was a unique experience, and a holiday to remember, the first venture of its kind attempted by the school.

We would all like to express our greatest thanks to Mr. Avis, without whose knowledge of the language we would have been lost, and to Mr. Boardall, whose continual good humour made the trip such a happy one; both of them were friends rather than guards. Now we can boast to all and sundry, 'We saw Khrushchev and Castro in Moscow'—may East-West relations improve and prosper. We'll be back!

C. BURLEY (U VI).

#### EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL KEPT ON THE RUSSIAN TRIP

27th April, 1963.

Fine weather again.

Arrived at Leningrad three-and-a-half hours behind schedule because of the ice which caused considerable trouble during the night. The entrance to the port was through a long channel with forts and defences on either side. We waved to the guard and he returned the gesture with his sub-machine gun raised in the air!

The port of Leningrad is strange at first sight. It appears like an 'iced-up' building site with work going on everywhere. A general description could well be 'the worst part of Liverpool'. A selection of ships, passenger, cargo and 'tramps' dock alongside the wharfs. The Russians take great care of the boats that carry passengers and visit foreign ports. Like *Estonia*, she was painted whilst we were on board. The work horses, though, like cargo ships and colliers, are worked until they drop to pieces.

At every arrival and departure *Estonia* would play the Russian National Anthem, and this particular arrival was no exception. We went ashore with music in our ears. We were met with a barrage of cameras and pressmen. A radio newsreel was there awaiting our arrival.

Leningrad is big. The tour was one of extreme interest, not because of the buildings and monuments, but because of the great interest which Alla our guide instilled into us by her personality and her wonderful American and English accent. A very enjoyable morning.

Many small incidents stay prominent in my mind. There was the soldier in Palace Square who was busily painting a long red line for the 'May Day Celebrations'—a marker of some sort. There were several small boys near to him and each time the soldier bent down to add a bit more red paint to the line, the boys would dip their sticks into the red paint and chase each other with these weapons. When it was obvious to them that no more fun could be had out of this, the boys decided hastily to hide the bucket of red paint. This carried on apparently, but the coach moved off and I imagine we missed more of the practical joking. How I regret not having more film in my cine camera.

Bartering took place in this Square.

'Have you Chewing Gum?'

'No.'

'English Money?'

'Yes.'

A small Russian boy holds up a badge. A nod of heads and a badge and an English coin exchanges hands.



I spent the evening looking round Leningrad. Anything new holds a certain fascination and Leningrad held my interest for several hours as I made my first acquaintance with the Russian people. How rough they are! When one is shopping in Russia it appears that one considers only oneself. I noticed this after having been bumped and banged several times. I put my stronger shoulder first and carried on. I was met with as many stares as I gave and for once was proud to wear my school blazer.

29th April, 1963.

Arrival in Moscow at 6.10 a.m. after a most enjoyable trip in a four-berth sleeper. These were modern and well equipped by the best standards. Night lights, individual reading lights, comfortable bunks—everything one could wish for in the way of comfort. I slept well that night.

The only glimpse of the Russian countryside was in the early morning. Dawn—the sun broke through the spiked tops of the pines and twinkled on the early morning frost. This is a sight that has to be seen to be appreciated, because no words can describe a scene like this.

The Russian countryside is mainly flat so the earth is damp and surface water is prominent. In some places the land has been dissected by rivers and on the valley sides thick vegetation reaches to the sky. Forests are thick and numerous. The only thing that breaks the unending wooded regions are the collective farms. These are collections of small wooden houses (wood, because of the obvious abundance) and fields which stretch as far as the eye can see. The Station had nothing to suggest that it was such. Just a number of radiating platforms leading to a building which would have done as well as an Opera House as a first class Station. It was clean, a fact which is not surprising, considering that the whole system runs on overhead electric power which is very cheap and economical.

The remainder of the morning was passed slowly pacing the cobbled stones of Red Square in procession to witness the lying-in-state of Lenin. This was the most fantastic sight I had ever seen. If this man could draw literally thousands and thousands of people, years after his death, then he must have 'had something'. The queue was orderly and walked in threes. A delegation of Cubans placed a floral tribute against the Mausoleum's red granite walls.

Lenin was yellow as if he had jaundice and appeared quite 'theatrical' under the floodlights.

In the afternoon we visited Russia's Windsor Castle—the Kremlin. This enclosure of land contains many historical buildings and monuments all too numerous to mention. The guide book covers this admirably. Parties of sight-seers, foreign and Russian, moved about the buildings. The Russian parties were peasants, in the best sense of the word, dressed in their best clothes which were far from being up to work-a-day clothes in England.

Saw Castro and Khrushchev—Unimpressed.

At this point—a brief description of a few things which I noticed as being different: Trolley buses—some were being driven by women. Women appeared to rank equally with men as manual workers. Women were sweeping the streets, painting seats in the parks and digging up the streets. Ties. There was a lack of these. Not surprising because of the cost. Poor shoes. Also not surprising because of the same reason.

1st May, 1963.

This is supposed to be Russia's Day, and so it was. We had breakfast early and walked to the National Hotel to take our places to watch the parade. Our route to the hotel took us through or past many road blocks. A curious incident happened. Everybody was going to the parade either in groups or organized parties, so there was a fair number of people passing through the barricades at one time. Now to get through the barricades one had to have a pass or to be a tourist. It so happened that we had got through



J. Virgo (U VI)

The Bell Tower of Ivan the Terrible, The Kremlin, Moscow.

the first of the obstacles when suddenly a policeman leapt forward, lunged at a young boy and pulled him out of the crowd by the scruff of his neck. Apparently this small boy had wanted to see the parade and had gone through the barricades with us. He had no pass. The policeman recognized him by his shabby clothes as compared with our smart blazers and suits. This was the first hint that Russia was a Police State. This small incident made me upset. It reminded me of a Resistance group fighting the oppressors. The parade must hold pride of place. It was marvellous. No-one could describe this event with any real great success. It was too big and grand. The parade began in a cloud of exhaust fumes and to the bark of high power engines with the quiet whirr of cine cameras in the background. Might and green painted power gave over to colourful flags and banners. The parade of Russian people lasted for hours and no person would risk a guess at the number of people who passed through Red Square on that sunny 1st May. People were happy. They played in small bands and waved masses of flowers above their heads. Everybody wore their best clothes. This was the Russian people at their best.

We walked back to the hotel, and the half-hour following was one of the most unbelievable happenings. S.G.S. accompanied by Alla, our guide, and an Australian, walked down Gorky Street bellowing to lung capacity all the common English folk songs—'There's a hole in my bucket', and as we passed Lenin's picture 'He jumped without a parachute from 40,000 ft.', passing a great mass of bulbs predicting Russia's economic growth, and finally 'Old Smoky', in front of Nikita. No-one appeared worried except other foreign tourists. The Russians were enjoying themselves too much to worry or even to notice us. There was an old man, stooping, and dressed in his revolutionary uniform of 1917 with stick in hand, marching proudly down the street. It began to rain. Nobody's spirits were dampened. The Russian people, girls and boys, hand in hand, sailors with their girl friends, members of the Red Army all walked up and down the street looking at the decorations. Millions of coloured lights in the night sky, representing figures of output and production of electric power. This is different from Blackpool Illuminations where Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs seem to take pride of place.

4th May, 1963.

*Leningrad.* A historic city. The people of Leningrad are 'bloody tough'. I have used this particular wording because this seems to be the only way of describing, with feeling, the courage and strength that these people must have had to withstand a 900 plus day seige, practically fighting with their bare hands. As we mostly met the youth of Leningrad and Moscow, and as the youth of a country is never a typical characterization of that country, I must base my impressions of the people on sights and sounds from the back of a coach; a very unreliable way of doing it.

The people are not poor as such; they have the money, but the cost of ordinary things, necessities such as food and clothing, is extremely high by anyone's standards. Examples of this—One lemon 2/-. A pair of medium grade shoes that would cost about £2 to £3 in England, would cost 40 roubles in Russia (£16). All clothing is expensive, so consequently the ordinary person in the street is not well dressed. They would be termed 'scruffy' by our standards. But, however, 'clothes don't make the man'. The people want to help. They want to be friends with you. Again, as I do not speak Russian, I can only base my ideas and criticisms of the people with whom I came in every contact, e.g. waitresses, guides and doormen. As all these people are paid to be helpful, it is hard to judge, but I can recognize the difference between people who are doing what they have to do, keeping within the bounds of their job, and when they are falling over backwards to help. Such was the case of our guide, Alla. Nothing was too much trouble. She wrapped our presents, wrote cards for us and got the party out of minor scrapes, in addition to doing her everyday job. Moscow is slightly better off than other parts of Russia. You have to have more money to live in Moscow.

It is the same the world over. If you wish to live in a capital or large city, you must expect to pay higher prices. Consequently the standard of living is slightly higher. Moscow is a cultural centre, but a description of places, palaces, monuments and statues is given in detail in all guide books.

D. DILNOT (V B.)

G. HESTER (V B.)

#### WALKING TOUR OF LUXEMBOURG

On the 11th April a party of twenty-eight boys and two masters set out from Slough in high spirits looking forward to an easy, slow ramble through flat Luxembourg countryside. (We thought it was flat because the map Mr. Turner had drawn the previous week on the History blackboard showed all our walks winding through level valley bottoms.)

We travelled to Brussels via the Dover-Ostend route and as we were coming into the city we could see the glint of the Atomium. The journey was uneventful until we reached Brussels Nord, by which time the 'Reservé' tickets on the compartment window had been removed by a souvenir hunter and we were invaded by a horde of Belgian rush-hour travellers. Somehow we managed to squeeze out of the train at Brussels Sud. Our picture of the Benelux people as pleasant countryfied peasants had been completely shattered.

After locating our hostel with some difficulty at the top of a hill down a side-street we looked round the city before settling down to a reasonably comfortable night. The next morning we travelled on to Luxembourg City, spent some of the afternoon there and then continued the journey to Ethelbuick where we spent the night. The following day we took a short train trip to a little station named Goebelsmühle where our walk began in earnest.

It was not long before our ideas of a pleasant slow ramble were soon dispelled. We wondered if Mr. Swann's map-reading had led us into Switzerland. The gentle slopes we had imagined soon became far-off dreams as we scrambled our way up mountain sides. After two hours walking the party was spreadeagled over five miles of Luxembourg countryside, and this formation was to become a feature of the following days of walking.



A Wayside Rest

Photo by N. Stuart (IV C)



After some wanderings we eventually found the hostel which unfortunately fell far below our expectations. The sanitary system was novel, to say the least, and the accommodation rough and ready with those incredibly uncomfortable three-tier bunks.

The second day's walk was to Chervaux, an old town famous for its monastery. The walking was much more fun now we knew what to expect. The hostel was very good, but we were to meet better ones. The next day we half walked, half 'bussed' to Vianden, a castle town near the border where we had one of our rest days. One of the attractions here is the chair lift which we went up that afternoon, before making a brief sortie over the border into Germany. This proved rather disappointing as all we found was a rather grubby little village which held few attractions for us except a fruit machine on which it was impossible to lose. We shall remember it most for a narrowly averted border incident. A few of our party in front calmly marched past the red and white pole marking the frontier. A German officer in peaked cap and jack-boots, rifle in hand came stamping out of the Customs Office to call them back. We feared a major international crisis, but Mr. Turner with his smattering of German came to the rescue and soothed the irate border guards.

After the rest we had become soft and lazy again, thus making the next walk, to Beaufort, all the more tiring. To make matters worse it rained for the last part of the journey and we all arrived wet and bedraggled; however this was the only bad weather we experienced throughout the holiday.

We all agreed that the last day's walk was the best. The area we were in 'Little Switzerland' is famed for the scenery and it really was marvellous and a change from the rolling nature of the rest of the countryside. There are many little gorges and we examined these from inside. After dinner we had only a little way to walk before reaching Echternach, which had one of the biggest and best equipped hostels we had stayed at. We could now put our foots away for the rest of the trip.

All that remained was to bus back to Luxembourg City and then by train to Bruges which is an old Belgian City that used to be very important in the Middle Ages but is now just a tourist town. Here we spent our last rest day. We went up the clock tower and stayed to hear the 11 o'clock carillon go off right next to us. In the afternoon Mr. Turner hired a luxury coach and we visited Sluis in Holland, not far from Bruges, and spent some hours there. We were impressed by the general cleanliness compared with a Belgian town. That was our last full day abroad.

Our arrival in London the following afternoon was marked by a typical English rain shower and it was obvious to all we were back home.

All our gratitude is due to Mr. Turner and Mr. Swann, the long suffering masters in charge, for giving us the opportunity for such a wonderful holiday. We hope they enjoyed it as much as we did!

C. WHITE (IV C).  
G. WALLACE (IV A).  
M. DONOGHUE (IV A).

#### THE CHAMPAGNE WINE HARVEST, 1962

It was cold and foggy on the morning of Wednesday, 10th October, when at 7 o'clock I arrived at London Airport. An hour or so later the Comet 4B accelerated along the runway and shot up through the dense layer of fog which soon lay below us, resembling an endless expanse of cotton wool upon which the sun shone down brightly. Once we had crossed the Channel the layer of cloud dispersed, and the ground could be seen. From time to time the aeroplane tilted to one side and through the thick glass window I had a panoramic view of the French countryside. In less than an hour I was in the sunshine at Le Bourget airport in Paris, and the weather was so warm that it seemed as if we were in the middle of August.

I collected my luggage from the moving floor, and paid my fare in the coach to Les Invalides Air Terminal. From here I travelled by the much famed Métro to the Gare de L'Est. It was a rather uncomfortable ride as the seats were wooden, and the carriages rattled extensively. Compared with London standards we travelled at a snail's pace. At the main-line terminus I had to wait until ten minutes past one for one of the very few trains to Reims. We passed through Meaux and Epernay on the way, and the hundred miles were covered in as many minutes. After exploring Reims I caught one of the two daily buses to the tiny village of Ludes, which was reached at twenty minutes past six.

During my twelve days at Ludes I had my own room which was very comfortable and contained, among other things, a piano. I did not need to be told that it had been last tuned as long ago as 1930. I remained the whole time with the family and thus had plenty of opportunity to practice my French.

Every day, Sunday included, we worked in the vineyards cutting the marble-sized black grapes from the vine hedges. My family had a very considerable acreage of vineyards, and as they were scattered over a wide area, we worked in a different place every day. The vines grow on very chalky land and are planted in long, sloping rows, each supported by a wire fence. Some are as much as fifty years old, stretching as far as the eye can see. My job was that of a 'coupeur'. This meant that I had to work along the rows allocated to me, detaching the numerous bunches of grapes as I went. These grapes had to be laid with care into wooden 'paniers' of which we all had one, lest the fruit should be prematurely squashed by clumsy handling. When the basket was full, the 'porteur' came along, left an empty one, and tipped the contents of the full one into a large 'caisse' or crate. At the end of the day these were loaded on to a trailer drawn by a tractor and taken in triumphal procession back to the village. The workers were privileged to sit on the top. We were a motley crowd; I was the only foreigner, but in addition to the members of the family, there were many people who had come from other parts of France. Most conspicuous among us was a bunch of retired miners from the neighbourhood of Calais, who were loud in voicing their Communist opinions. However, as they spoke with an accent incomprehensible sometimes even to their native companions, there was no danger of their influencing me. But there were many others with whom I could and did speak during the day, and I was never short of practice.

Every day we followed the same routine. We rose at 6.30, and took a cup of black coffee and some dry biscuits. The vines being some distance away, we climbed on to the trailer or a lorry at 7.00 and started work half an hour later. Since the sun was not up by this time, it was very cold and misty, which necessitated the warmest clothing. Often we straightened our aching backs—as the vines were only two-thirds of our height, we had to stoop continually—and watched the glare of the sun come up behind the hills. Once the sun had dispelled the mist, the temperature rose from below zero to summer heat, and we took off our extra winter clothing. This did not happen until 11.00, and when we stopped for breakfast at 9.00, we lit a large fire of faggots brought for the purpose, at which we warmed our frozen hands and dried our clothing, wet from the morning dew. Breakfast consisted of rolls containing such things as liver-sausage, ham or cheese. There was plenty to eat, and the food was pleasantly accompanied by an abundance of red wine. Work was resumed at about half past nine and continued until half past twelve. The monotony of the task was relieved by the never-ending supply of black grapes, of which we could eat as many as we wished. They had a refreshing acid taste. Lunch was brought out hot to the fields, and on this occasion also wine was always in bountiful supply. We rested until 2.00 and worked on until 6.00 when the red sun went down as it had come up and a chill came into the evening air. At this point our warm clothing was needed once again, and very glad that the working day was at an end,

we returned home with the day's gatherings. When we had washed off the dirt of the day, we had a very fine three-course evening meal at the house, and this was a wonderful occasion for conversation. After this we were free until the next morning, but most of us went to bed early in preparation for another busy day.

When Sunday came round we had to work as usual, as the harvest had to be completed before the bad weather came. Mass preceded the day's work, and at Ludes this was at 5.30. I preferred to go a mile to the next village called Chigny-les-Roses, where Mass was at the more reasonable hour of 6.15 in the morning. It was, of course, dark at this time, but it added to the fun. I was intrigued by the interesting custom of giving to those who had received Holy Communion a small piece of blessed bread to chew during the final part of Mass. This, I was told, was a symbol of breakfast for those who had not yet broken their fast. There is also in the Champagne country a great devotion to Saint Vincent, the patron of the wine growers.

The wine harvest continued until the evening of Thursday, 18th October, and after the evening meal on that day there followed a celebration which continued until midnight. Using barrels as tables upon which to put down their glasses brimming with sparkling champagne—there was no limit to supplies—young and old passed the evening dancing to the music of a record-player in the yard before the house. I, however, content with making the most of the champagne, responded with a very firm negative to the following question, put to me by a middle-aged woman: 'Veux-tu twister avec moi?'

On the following day, those who had come from other parts of France departed, but I stayed for the weekend. During this time I was taken to various places of interest in the surrounding district by courtesy of the 'patron'. In Reims I visited the cathedral, and I went to Châlons-sur-Marne and other nearby towns. Most interesting of all I saw were the man-made, subterranean caves at Epernay, where millions of bottles of champagne at various stages of maturity are stored. There are similar caves at Reims and other champagne towns. We travelled round the caves at Epernay in what resembled an electric ghost-train, and everything we passed was explained.

These were the storage-caves of a very large champagne manufacturing concern, but the farmer with whom I was staying had his own wine-press and bottled his own wine. He had hewn out caves in the chalk below the house, and these were, on a small scale, similar to those at Epernay.

Space does not permit me to describe the process of the manufacture of the champagne. Fine details are, of course, a trade secret. I brought a large bottle of it home with me to England, but it is regarded with such reverence that no one has yet ventured to open it.

After a short tour of Paris, I returned to London from Orly airport in a Caravelle at ten o'clock on the evening of Monday, 22nd October. The trip had exercised both mind and body; indeed the stiffness in my back took almost a week to disappear. Nevertheless it was a most profitable excursion and throughout my stay I kept a diary to remind me of a most interesting experience. However, there is one general point of which I need no diary to remind me: 'En Champagne on travaille bien, mange bien et dort bien.' I hope to be going back for more in September, 1963.

M. WILLSON (U VI)

#### SOLUTION TO CHESS PROBLEMS

##### LAST YEAR'S PROBLEM

1. R-Q1 P-N5.
2. B-Q2. Then, wherever black moves his bishop, white mates next move with
3. B-R5.

##### THIS YEAR'S PROBLEM

Key move: R x P.

## A SCHOOL ANTHOLOGY



A. Linka (L VI)

#### THE OWL

In his old willow tree he sat,  
Waiting for the advancing night,  
And as the big red disc went down,  
He went about his evening flight.  
Just then a lightning bolt flashed bright  
And jagged in the midnight sky;  
It struck his resting place by chance,  
And for his life he had to fly.  
That night, it was a stormy night,  
The owl had very little rest,  
So he went hunting for a mouse  
And gobbled it up with zest.  
Then a month later, in the Spring,  
The owl he met his lady-O;  
And in his willow built a nest,  
And soon they had a baby-O,  
And as they reared their first wee owl,  
Another downy chick was born;  
But very soon came colder months,  
And all the owls were left forlorn.  
And now the pair three years have reared,  
Their lives are filled with laughter,  
The wise old owl, and his wife too,  
Live happily ever after.

CHARLES OVERTON (I C).

## ANTS

The compartment was empty. He surveyed it briefly, climbed in and slammed the door methodically behind him. After carelessly depositing his brief case, hat, gloves and umbrella on the rack, he fell back into the corner of the seat opposite, with a faint exhalation of breath which bore some resemblance to a sigh of relief. He was small and thin, clean shaven, save for a small dark rectangle of hair above his upper lip, and his nose bore the mark of heavy spectacles. His eyes were strange, however, never quite focusing on any one object. The dark grey orbs appeared to be for ever searching, for they wandered haphazardly, the left eye lagging behind the right a little. They finally settled directed at the window, focusing alternately on the condensation patterns on the pane and the dim yellow station lights behind.

Outside was the world; the world he abhorred. A world of a thousand million people alike to him and to each other as ants were, thinking the same thoughts as he, eating the same food, and being entertained passively by the same absurd personalities. The world was like an anthill, only ants had something to shew for their labours. He could see it all so vividly as he had left it. They were out there, all going in different directions, crowding, jostling, laughing, gossiping and swearing, giving a damn but for their own selves, their own comforts, and their own discomforts. He could see the cars carrying others, cars of every shape, size and colour, careering through the labyrinths of dark dirty streets, and the cheap, lurid neon lights blinking out their assinine messages. Then tonight there was the fog, nature's vain attempt to stifle this travesty of her beauty, a cold penetrating dampness mingling with the filth and dust in air, slowly and relentlessly finding its way into every nook.

Yet for him it was restful, for it made the air opaque, and obscured most of the outside. The train began to move and the noise, the ants and the lights of the station glided gently into oblivion. For the first time that day he began to relax, and to revive from what would be called, but for its deadening intensity, boredom. For him now, those few feet of carriage, the seats and pictures, became his little world. The other ceased to exist entirely for it was only in the imagination. There was only one now which he could see and touch, only one which mattered, and it was his. He was significant, without him it would be vastly changed, and yet without him it would not be his.

Outside an endless sequence of lights moved past, some bright and yellow, others dim and orange, all floating on the grey plasma. Like life, he thought; a sequence of events, some more momentous and vivid than others, flashing by so rapidly that to enjoy one you had to ignore the succeeding ones, which, of course you never could do, and all floating on the opaque liquid of time. This in itself would be bearable if an infinity of other events which you never experienced were not floating and coagulating around your own, choking and drowning them in time. Nothing you did could ever survive for long, no matter how significant, everything sank into oblivion, even for you.

The carriage awayed rhythmically as it crossed the points, and his head turned from the window, and gradually sank onto his chest. Once again he searched his mind in vain for the answer which he was sure existed, to insignificance. Or did one, he thought, have to resign oneself to being a tiny bolt in the colossal, infernal machine of society? If not what else was there? The questions flashed through his mind as often as the lights outside changed. For thirty years, since the blissful time of his youth, he had been asking them, and felt he was no nearer the answers now than when he had started asking. The rigid utterly predictable monotony of his existence and the self-centred society of which he had unwittingly become a part, had become a permanent allergy.

He could not, therefore comprehend, why he experienced so little surprise when he became conscious of the voice [for this was the most prominent



A. Liszka (I. VI)

characteristic of the sound which he heard and felt]. It was a toneless fascinating music that seemed to fill the universe, all pervading, all powerful. It was nether good nor evil, sad nor joyful. It swept in waves through his paralysed unresisting mind, like cool refreshing waters flowing over hot desert sands; an ethereal balm, slowly undulating timelessly in space like the ripples of an infinite lake. But it was a voice, for it filled his mind with new thoughts and new ideas, of seemingly infinite variety. Then it began to change, imperceptibly at first. The undulations became more frequent and more violent; the music harsher and more discordant until it began to toss his helpless mind hither and thither. Like a tempest now it shook him, until he realized that a terrible idea was forming in his mind. Like the voice of the Fates, it hammered into his subconscious; an abstract yet horribly positive picture, unlike the monster at the gates of Milton's Hell, but ominously clear. All the forces of his instinct tried to reject it, but his brain remained paralysed. Then he could hear and feel the music no longer.

He looked about him. He saw the pictures above the opposite seat, his hat, case and gloves, and the yellow lights racing past outside. They were unchanged, but his face was cold; perspiration dripped off his eyebrows and cold clamminess all over his body reminded him of his nightmare. Then the paralysis ceased. My God, he thought as the full horror hit him like an avalanche, it was a dream, it must only have been a dream, it can only have been a dream. Yet he knew, and with more certainty than he had ever felt in his life, that it had not been just a dream, that it had happened, and that something else was going to happen. He tried desperately to evoke

a denial from his common sense. He stood up and walked from one window to the other. He longed to get out into the other world where nothing like this happened, where he was insignificant but safe, but the other world did not exist, and his own enclosed him with a claustrophobic intensity. My God, the station! Outside appeared a multitude of lights, and people, friendly people, smiling and beckoning to him. He flung open the door and in a trance of relief, stepped out.

The ants found him, or what was left of him, at the bottom of the embankment, lying with his arms outstretched and an expression of pathetic happiness on his face. They argued for a little while, called it suicide and dropped it into the river of time where it floated for a few days, and slowly sank.

M.C.K.

## THE WINTER

(with acknowledgements to Thomas Hardy)

This is the weather the Englishman dreads,  
And so do I;  
When they curl up their feet in their cosy beds,  
And snow flies high;  
And the rivers are frozen thick with ice,  
And lovely hot dinners are oh so nice,  
And everyone dreams of fruit and spice,  
And waits for the summer to come in a trice,  
And so do I.

ROBERT HARWOOD (I B).

## FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING

The winter's gone; no more shall icy frosts  
Chill man and beast alike in early morn,  
No more shall ice and snow enshroud the lawn  
With a white cloak, which makes the plants seem lost.  
The silver lake and crystal pool have lost  
Their creamy coat, to be again reborn,  
No more shall stately trees look so forlorn,  
As they stand leafless, like so many ghosts.  
For gradually the browns and duns make way  
For brighter hues. The trees begin to bud  
And blossom in the hazy springtime sun.  
The daffodils burst forth in bright array,  
To herald warmer days to come, and flood  
Mankind with hope, when winter's tale is done.

F. C. E. GAMBLE (III A).

## TREES

'I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.  
A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.'

This is how a poet described the infinite beauty of trees.

Now in the spring the world is young and gay and everything is growing. Almost every bush and tree is covered by sticky buds. Gradually the ugly buds turn into fresh leaves. The apple tree is covered with a garment of pink or white blossom.

In the summer the eiderdown of blossom has changed to fruit. The elongated shadows from the trees provide plenty of cool shade from the glaring sun.

In autumn one feels underfoot a crisp carpet of red, yellow and green leaves combined with frequent crackling twigs. The abundant leaves provide plenty of cover for the small animals.

A thick blanket of snow covers the ground. The big trees stand desolate in the white wilderness that appears with winter. The vivid autumn garment has been cast off while everything is sleeping. As the poet said,

'Poems are made by fools like me:  
Only God can make a tree.'

E. PELLING (I C).

## THE MONSTER OF LOCH LINNHE

On the night of the 17th December, David Young, his father, and the ship's crew were returning from their day's fishing in Loch Linnhe. Their ship was a rather small one which cost £215, and since they had been fishing on Loch Linnhe they had made quite a profit on fish. David was what you might call an indulgent person and was a very foolish one. His father was very kind hearted. The crew was a pack of Irishmen who had been out of work for some time and when Mr. Young came along he employed them.

The water was calm that night, and the ship was going moderately slowly. Suddenly there was a crunch from underneath. The ship stopped abruptly and started to toss about in the water. The crew panicked and began gathering up a dinghy and were preparing to abandon ship. Mr. Young, who was also a calm man, shouted, 'Don't panic, men, you don't know what it is we've hit yet.' As the vessel was tossing about the lantern fell off its hook and set the stern afire. The crew were ferociously beating at the flames when David exclaimed, 'Look!' Everyone turned round and there to their astonishment was a huge monster surfacing, most probably scared by the fire.

The crew had now extinguished the fire and turned the vessel round and headed in the opposite direction to the monster. When they saw that it had reached the shore they stopped the ship so that they could see what the beast was going to do.

About a hundred yards from the water's edge a shepherd was heading for his shieling. He turned round to see where his dog was and to his dismay he saw the shadow of the beast against the cliff wall. The poor man ran as fast as his legs would carry him to the nearest town and spread the news.

The beast had now scaled the cliff and was nearing the edge. When he stopped he peered over at the loch. Suddenly the cliff gave way and there was a thundering crash as beast and rocks hit the water.

After the water had calmed down again the monster once more surfaced. Then after swimming around it submerged and was never seen again.

G. C. STARLING (I C).



## THE 'MARIE CELESTE'

'Twas in the year of se'enty two;  
 The night was wild and gales were blow'n',  
 And then the moon came into sight,  
 Full bright, new, grown.  
 That moon did keep me company  
 Until the morn, when she did die  
 And night, dark clouds, were chased away  
 The wind was high.  
 And soon o'er glistening waters sped  
 Our ship on course for Plymouth Hoe.  
 The look-out saw a sail, bound where,  
 We did not know.  
 That ship came close, in course of day,  
 And soon we could see something wrong—  
 Of crew no sign, not hide nor hair,  
 Nor lively song.  
 The captain ordered boats to go  
 And in his finest livery dressed,  
 He crossed the main, 'twixt us and the 'Mary Celeste'.  
 He was sore puzzled, since he had seen  
 No welcoming for him on board,  
 A cloak of silence wrapped the ship—  
 He gripped his sword.  
 He went up first and climbed on deck—  
 Was't fancy heard a seaman's mirth?  
 But heard nor saw not anything  
 That lived on earth.  
 He was most troubled and afraid:  
 For lying on the deck he saw  
 The captain's sword, that, covered in blood,  
 Had kept the law.  
 The seamen searched the ship for signs—  
 I helped them look for bodies too.  
 But not a single thing was 'sturbed  
 By this ship's crew.  
 And when she lay in dock at Hoe  
 We turned aback and felt her there,  
 Was it the moon seal'd her crew's fate  
 In that cold night air?

ANDREW MORTON (III B).

## THE POOL

Through the gently waving trees  
 The summer breeze blows cool;  
 Little dancing ripples run  
 Across the sparkling pool.  
 Beside the pond, its grassy fringe,  
 The stately rushes sway  
 While rainbow-coloured dragon-flies  
 Skip and frisk all day.  
 High above, the flying clouds  
 Cross the paling sky  
 All ringed with gold and yellow,  
 Like Satan's steeds they fly.

R. HARE (I B).

## THE THIEF

The thief crouched in the lingering gloom of the great hall of Knox-brooks Castle. Slowly and deliberately a clock struck twelve—and then, a silence. His gaze wandered towards the mantelpiece where arranged beside a large mirror were several objects of immense value. These were what he was there for. 'Easy pickings', he had told his friends in the pub the other night. 'The owner away, no dogs, alarms, no nothing!' Even so his requests for helpers had been politely refused. Being a newcomer to the town of Knox-brook he would not know about the castle's reputation, or its sinister owner, and what's more, no one told him, so there he was.

He looked behind himself for a moment when he fancied he heard a noise but he did not see anything so he looked back at the mantelpiece. Then he got up and walked towards it. He put his hand to take a silver statuette but as he touched it he saw the form of a man with a fiendishly evil face appear behind him in the mirror. He dropped the statuette like a piece of red hot metal and spun round. Nothing was there, but there was a ticking noise that grew steadily louder, like a clock. It grew till it boomed in his ears. Then hands from nowhere, hands with white long fingers with sabre shaped fingernails like claws, flashed towards his throat, seeming to go through him, and all the time the ticks grew to a climax. Then they stopped. But at once they were replaced by a long, evil macabre laugh that echoed backwards and forwards through the hall. Then a voice whispered 'Thief! Get out afore I kill you!' The laughs like the ticks grew, mocking him for his fear.

He ran back the way he had come, along the dark passages, though this time with the same evil face he had seen in the mirror peering in at every window.

He did not stop running until he reached his lodgings but there was no relief there. Every night the same face peered in at his windows, or knocked at them if the curtains were drawn.

As to be expected he went mad and after some years in hospital he died, his terror going with him to his grave, for still the evil spectre stands over his grave and laughs.

E. FROGGATT (II A).

## THE SEA-SIDE

Down by the sea, the sand, the shore,  
 I feel the wind in my hair,  
 I wish I could stay for evermore,  
 And never move from there.  
 The pools so full of lovely things  
 That move and dart so swift,  
 The water that sways, and heaves and swings,  
 And wood that is adrift.  
 The people walk upon the beach,  
 The ships are far away,  
 They look so small and out of reach,  
 Anchored in the bay.  
 When the dust draws fine and clear  
 With stars that shine so bright,  
 I am glad that I live here,  
 The shore's so still by night.

R. POULTER (III B).

## THE FIRST ONE

Paul was hot, very hot. No-one could blame him; it really was very hot. It's that darned heater, he thought. Blast that damned heater. He consulted his watch. Ten minutes to two. Ten minutes to darned two. Two-and-a-half hours he'd been waiting there, and not a word. He lit another cigarette, his tenth since he had arrived. He exhaled, and through the thin grey funnel of smoke he studied the only other man in the room. The man was reading a magazine provided by the place.

Suddenly the man looked up. He was older than Paul, much older, a good twenty years Paul calculated. His face was lean, and his thin whiskers were streaked with grey. His eyes were tired; confident, jovial, but still tired. 'Hot in here, isn't it?' said the man jovially, as though he really didn't mind.

'Very,' agreed Paul, he thought that that statement was one of the truest things he had ever heard.

'My fifth, you know; your first isn't it?' asked the man even more jovially.

'Yes, how did you know?' replied Paul with slight embarrassment; Paul always became embarrassed easily. He remembered on his honeymoon, those locals remarking in their ghastly Devonshire accents, 'Honeymoon couple, uh?'

'Yes, how did you know?' Paul stopped daydreaming and looked across at the man, who was smiling.

'How do I know, why it's clearer than the nose on your face. I can always tell,' he said gently, without boasting. 'I was in here a few years ago, waiting for my third, there was a young man in here too, about your age, he'd been waiting here all the afternoon. Well, just as it was getting dark a nurse came through those doors and said something to him. Suddenly he jumped up and ran out shouting, "I'm a girl, I'm a girl, it's a father!" The man finished his story with a grin and a chuckle. Paul's face broke into a wide crack as his whole body shook with laughter.

The man took out a packets of cigarettes, offered one to Paul, and took one himself. Paul was still laughing slightly when a nurse came out and said, 'Mr. Russell, would you come in now please?'

Paul got up and stubbed the cigarette.

'In you go lad.'

M. BUTT (III B).

## IS INTOLERANCE REALLY NECESSARY?

The Russians, you know, are folk  
Just as we are.  
They don't have two heads and are  
Not at all queer.  
They are rather good fun in a  
Cold sort of way,  
And they really don't mind what-  
Ever you say—  
On subjects like Khrushchev and  
Castro and such,  
But talk about spies is a  
Little too much  
For these sons of the soil and  
Sweet country girls,  
Whose hair is in ringlets and  
Teeth shine like pearls.  
My song has soon tired me and  
So I will cease,  
With a plea for indulgence:  
And for the world—Peace.

C. W. EVANS (U VI).



A. Liszka (L VI)

## THE MARCHERS' CAUSE

We can see them coming across the street,  
Their faces as tired as are their feet.  
But it seems not to hinder this fast growing throng,  
And whether man or woman they chant the same song.  
The workmen stop, attentively pause  
To find out the theme of the marchers' cause.  
A pulsating chant towards the workmen, drives  
A simple message, how to save lives.  
Now we see them gathering in the square:  
A moment's silence. Possibly for prayer?  
A survivor from Hiroshima speaks aloud  
Strengthening the spirits of the gathered crowd.  
From in our midst an opposer cries,  
A bold remark, yes. But was it wise?

M. MASSEY (IV B).



## A STORY THAT MUST BE TOLD

Dr. Verwoerd and the other ministers of the South African Government are worried men; their very policies reflect their agitation and uneasiness. Driven either by fear of a black uprising or by a genuine yet insane belief that they are leading the black man on the golden path from unprogressive tribal savagery and poverty to the wealth, glory and wonders of modern civilization—they are unwittingly paving the way to their own destruction. With every new restriction the white man places on the freedom of his patriot the negro, he will increase his own agitation and indeed the very likelihood of a 'black uprising'. We only have to look northwards to the vast newly-created republics in Central, East and West Africa to see that white domination is a thing of the past—a policy for which there is no room in this progressive age of ours.

It is my intention by portraying the frustrations of an imaginary young Bantu tribesman recently introduced to modern civilization to show the extreme misguided stupidity of the South African oligarchy when they claim that by thrusting their civilization at the feet of the negro they are showing him the way to a better, fuller life.

Mbawe, the young forward-looking son of the Kamari tribal chieftain, is tired of his father's conservatism and of the ridiculous superstitions that play so large a part in limiting the life and development of the tribal unit. He longs to see modern methods of irrigation and agriculture replace the age-old wooden plough and hoe. Determined as he is to gain a proper education he readily agrees, when an agent for the East Rand Gold Mining Corporation tempting him with stories of the great opportunities for important progressive young men such as he, offers him a 'post'. It is not long before Mbawe's illusions are shattered. For the privilege of being called civilized he lives in a dirty corrugated iron hovel in Johannesburg. His important-sounding post involves working for ten hours a day, six days a week, six thousand feet below ground level, under a temperature of 110° F., in a dark, virtually airless, pit—all this for two shillings a day. Civilization has made him a slave, for trade unions are illegal and the white man's stooge, the black foreman, is little more than a whip-cracking overseer.

For the remaining fourteen hours of the day Mbawe sees what is left of his proud traditions and former respect, thrust aside so that he may become a civilized citizen—inferior, humiliated, servile, suppressed yet civilized. Continually forced to accept his inferiority he is fearful lest he may so much as touch a white man. Continually plagued by rules and regulations his every movement is restricted and he is worried lest the white policeman may find a fault when inspecting his identification pass. Regularly scoffed at, humiliated, and not infrequently assaulted by young white hooligans, he is frightened lest he may lose control of his anger and dare to hit back.

On pay-day Mbawe receives his meagre twelve shillings, but because he has not been educated in the use of the white man's coinage he foolishly spends it all that day on one of the gifts of civilization: alcohol. Mbawe is extremely self-conscious of his ignorance—did he not pick up a wheelbarrow the day before thinking it was to be carried on the back? But if Mbawe is ignorant then the civilized white man of South Africa is even more so—ignorant in the ways of mankind. Just as a Boer financier would be unable to fly a jet airliner if he was thrust in front of the controls, so then it must be accepted that having thrust civilization upon the tribal native then his reactions at least will be rather unusual.

Although it may seem that Mbawe has had enough for one man forced on him, both physically and mentally, the white man has not yet finished. He has yet to be converted spiritually. In spite of all attempts by the white priest to make what is essentially a simple thing sound complicated and over-involved Mbawe learns that one of the basic teachings of Christianity is that 'all men are equal in the sight of the Lord', 'that all men should do unto

others as he would have done unto himself', and 'that thou shall not kill'. This understandably sets Mbawe thinking, he turns his mind back to 21st March, 1960, of the stories he heard about Sharpesville when over fifty of his race were brutally shot in cold blood. None of these dead men carried weapons and many were shot in the back. They attacked no white man nor destroyed any of the white man's precious property; no, these men were shot because they dared protest against the tyrannical pass laws—shot by men who preached that thou shall not kill.

The misguided admiration that Mbawe once had for his white superior—a superiority that he had readily accepted—now turned to a burning and dire hatred. He realized what an appalling hypocrite the white man is, and what a disgusting thing is this so-called splendid civilization of his. Mbawe became determined that never again would he be treated as an inferior. In fact he would show the world that he, the son of the chieftain of the once great Kamari tribe—the tribe that once dominated the whole of the Transvaal, could outwit any white man.

Mbawe received no trial for his folly, he is now left to starve and live a life, short as it will be, of even deeper misery and humiliation in the infamous Transrei Compound. For Mbawe committed the 'unforgivable'; he dared attack two white thugs who were beating up a young negro boy. Mbawe, like all coloured people of South Africa, has paid and will pay heavily for the 'sin' of not being born white.

[The above account although it may seem over-exaggerated is nevertheless based on facts outlined in the N.B.C. special report on South Africa broadcast on B.B.C. Television.]

R. BARRETT (L VI).

## SCENE

Pipesmoking heavy glasses stoolseated straight legged groups  
People inter-grouped;  
Quiet talking back music whisper crackle  
Rising laughter treads passing cloth door swings  
Goodnight!  
Clock glance;  
Music louder whistle music fast moving forward  
Ring-ding cash;  
Laughing troth glasses beer label  
table-middled ashtray  
Air legs cool swish doors  
Warm bubbles clink glass  
down  
Door push  
Out.

P. HINCHCLIFFE (U VI).



Village Street.

## I OFTEN PASSED YOUR HOUSE

I often passed your house, and caught  
 A promise more than ornamented name:  
 Yet, always self-obsessed, I never sought  
 By entering in, to test your fame.  
 I stood in no man's debt, nor lacked  
 But what I scorned—a God; no sigh  
 Of holy sorrow passed my lips, or racked  
 With questions such as where, or why;  
 Close listening at my inner door  
 Which barred the music of that better store  
 A single prayer would have revealed—  
 A whispering urgent voice appealed:  
 'No purpose? Ever in the dark? So close  
 And yet so far away?'  
 Forgive me Lord, the other day I knew you not:  
 The prize I risked to lose  
 Knew not how dearly bought.

P. HINCHCLIFFE (U VI).

## MARCH DAY AT THE COAST

Breakers and shingle clattering in  
 Restless, ceaseless cacophony  
 On a desert beach devoid of all—  
 The sound of nature's symphony.  
 Cast up, useless, on the brink of land  
 Lies debris from a thousand wrecks;  
 But far out, beyond the sight of men,  
 Lie those who walked the vessels' decks.  
 Death-white and putrid, the corpses float  
 And dance, like silent witnesses  
 Of the power of the hungry sea  
 And her myriad excesses.  
 And here, where the sea boils up and stops,  
 Frustrated by the stones and sand,  
 We see the slaving green-lipped maw  
 Snap fiercely at the spray-soaked land  
 All this powerful magnificence  
 And concentrated violence  
 Ranged against man's puny walls of stone  
 Show up our insignificance.  
 Yet, insignificant, we prevail  
 Though by some statute yet unknown  
 Decreeing we must never sleep—  
 Lest seas rise up to claim their own.

C. W. EVANS (U VI).

## ECSTASY

As I stood by the sea on a night starred with light,  
 Not a cloud crossed the sky, nor a sail came in sight.  
 But my vision inspired soared above earth-born sights,  
 And the woods and the hills and all nature combined  
 Seemed to murmur a challenge in tones undefined  
 To the waves of the sea and the sky's kindled lights.  
 And the stars, tinged with gold, ordered, infinite crowd,  
 In a myriad harmonies, whispered and loud,  
 Thus declared, as they bowed their coronae of flame;  
 And the blue waves that no-one may master nor tame,  
 Thus declared, as they toppled their foaming, white crest;  
 —'Tis the Almighty God, 'tis the Lord Jesus Christ!'

Translated from the French of Victor Hugo by C. R. TIMMS.

## THE MARCH OF THE HOUSES

(Translation of 'Der Zug Der Häuser' by Armin T. Wegner.)

The latest houses stretch greyly upwards,  
 crowded in masses and in single groups, too;  
 miserable cottages run before them—  
 mere tattered children before hordes of troops.  
 Yet beyond the stony heights  
 begin  
 the fields, the open spaces  
 spreading endlessly into the grey plain.  
 Hollow-eyed, the houses gape across,  
 scorching shrubs and trees with their envious glance.

'Give way! Make way  
 for us to stride on!  
 We flatter the bulky, stony body;  
 the villages, fields, forests, we take them along!  
 With our smoking breath we burn  
 each blossom and ripening fruit.  
 In the smoke we stifle the seeds  
 which no more shall turn green. Trees splinter  
 before our might; every being  
 in the land flees frantically, running  
 before our stony wave.  
 Ye we do catch them. No river,  
 no ditch can stop us. We murder each field.  
 And the people to save themselves from their anguish,  
 drag themselves from solitary farms, from abandoned pastures;—  
 men bent low, women confused,  
 paired in despair, hunger, pain,  
 straggle in black chains  
 into the throbbing heart of the towns.  
 Be they alive or be they dead, we clasp them  
 pressed tightly to our stony bosom.  
 Till that time when our brows touch the stars  
 the crunching paws of our walls will continue to devour you all—  
 you plains, stretching to infinity,  
 and tear up the earth of your bleeding fields.

We shall never tire, nor be satisfied,  
 until we reach out to the very edge of the sea,  
 and stretch up to the mountain peaks themselves,  
 and cover the width of this fertile earth—  
 an everlasting, boundless town! . . .  
 C. BURLEY (U VI).

## THE LONG RUN

Slowly, stealthily, I crept through the dense forest. Suddenly a twig snapped. Cautiously I turned round. I saw nobody, but I heard what sounded like an owl's hoot. At that moment dawn was breaking and I knew then that it was too late for an owl to be about.

I continued on my way until I reached the open common, where I had previously left my bicycle leaning against a tree. To my dismay, my bicycle was no longer to be seen. I scouted around and finally discovered tyre-marks leading back into the woods. I decided to follow them, so I ran along the tracks, while being aware that I might fall into a trap at any time. I pursued the tyre-marks for about five miles in and out of the trees. Presently they led me out of the woods and onto the common. I went right round the forest and in the end returned to the tree where I had left my bicycle, and I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw it in exactly the same spot where I had left it.

Then suddenly I saw something moving in the bushes. I looked again and caught sight of a white sheet or maybe a ghost. I told myself not to be stupid as there were no such things as ghosts, so I picked up some stones and fired them from my catapult. But I missed my target and to my horror the sheet moved steadily towards me. As luck would have it I saw a strong stick lying on the ground, so I quickly picked it up and hit, whoever he was, over the head. As he fell to the ground the sheet slipped and I recognized him because I had seen him before. He was Shaun Hicks, the leader of the MAD GANG.

DAVID FRANKL (Form IA).

## NIGHT CALL

Gradually, slowly, the moon drifts across,  
 Across the dark skin of the sky,  
 The wind has died down, but one sound remains,  
 The shrieking coyote cry!  
 It comes like a spear thrusting its way, and reaches  
 its peak above the dark smudge called a hill,  
 It shatters the night's long dreary sleep and leaves  
 in its wake chaos deep.  
 But it goes as it came, never there, always there,  
 Like an ending eternity,  
 Once more the night sleeps until this same cry  
 echoes back and tortures the peace.  
 What causes this noise?  
 Is it anger or pain?  
 Does an old warrior cry for a friend?  
 'Tis neither of these, for he lives strong and free  
 It is just his bold cry of disdain.

K. MESSENGER.

## THE SWEET SOUTHERN AIR

The cannon had ceased to thunder in Richmond, Virginia, the dust had begun to settle over the plains. Now Union troops patrolled Jefferson Davis' southern capital, the Confederate President himself had fled. Washington mothers wept; the *Clarion* did not print a casualty list. But Abe Lincoln walked humbly in the glare of victory: he was as cool in the hour of triumph as determined in the hour of failure, and while the crowds cheered, stamped and surged, almost overwhelming the small cavalry escort, Honest Abe rode quietly into Richmond.

The fine southern dust caught his nostrils, he sneezed. Even the dust smelt good at that moment, even the crowds and fuss he could tolerate. A group of negroes broke the cordon and flung themselves in near-worship before their liberator. Bare-headed, bare-foot they knelt in the dust or clutched at his stirrups. Lincoln dismounted. Taking the hand of one kneeling he raised him, saying quietly: 'As long as I live you shall kneel to no man.' As he turned to remount he felt an uplifting sense of achievement. The obstacles to peace and security were gone, he could look forward to the building of a new and mightier people, united, free and powerful. This must now be the task to rebuild and repair. A breeze like a gentle breath ruffled his hair: a breeze like life—Lincoln had but four more days.

John Wilkes Booth fondled his puppy shaking open the newspaper with his free hand. The headlines exploded in his face: VICTORY FOR THE NORTH. His grip tightened on the pup's neck, surroundings blurred, his head swam. The animal began to cough; he flung it aside. Brimming with hate and fury he blundered down Fifth Street. An unfortunate bystander received no apology for the kick that sprawled him in the gutter. He reached his hotel, flung himself on his bed and allowed the tears to flow. Gradually his reason returned, calming the waves of blind passion: the Cause was dead but the Victor should not long outlive it. Lincoln's proposed theatre trip was the talk of Washington—tomorrow evening he should die.

Ford's Theatre was crowded that April evening, a flag draped the State Box where Lincoln sat. The President was happy and a boisterous audience shared his enjoyment of the comedy, they were ready to laugh at anything. John Wilkes Booth was not laughing. A faded yellow door was solely visible in the gloom of the corridor leading to Lincoln's box. He could hear the audience below as he groped his way along the wall, then, stumbling on a loose board, he smashed his head on an unlighted oil-lamp. His actor's temper flared. He swore, and continued his way furiously. He slunk into the box, and once in the presence of his prey, his temper cooled to a steely alertness. He had scarcely aimed his derringer when a gale of laughter swept the theatre. He acted on impulse. The report was drowned by the general hubbub. He leapt to the balcony, remained poised for a second, then jumped. His spur caught in the folds of the Treasury flag. He fell badly. His face muscles contracted with the pain, blood pounded in his ears. Dragging the broken leg he hobbled through the wings. A man stood up—'the President!' he yelled, 'Murder!' cried another. A woman screamed, 'Murder!' the cry was taken up, and a panic-stricken mob made a rush for the exits.

Booth pushed the long, black hair from his eyes and hauled himself on to his horse. As the terrified audience trickled into the street, elation, for the present at least, soothing the pain in his leg, he quit the northern capital.

The rays of the evening sun glowed like embers behind Washington as the sun slowly set on Abe Lincoln's life. No-one spoke. Dr. Leale knew the President was past human aid: Robert Lincoln knew his father would die: in another room Mrs. Lincoln was hysterical. Outside a negro stood crying silently in the dismal rain.

Booth clung grimly to the saddle-horn, face grey with pain. Precious southern soil flew from beneath his horse's hooves now, and mere human pain did not much diminish his self-content. To him must go the glory of the last blow for the South. His name was assured of its place in history.

Every loyal southerner would acclaim him. Fame and glory were his rewards. He would rank with Lee and Johnston as a southern hero. Perhaps Jeff Davis would give him a personal commendation . . . perhaps . . . perhaps . . . The throbbing of his broken limb cut through the mists of dream and delirium, but as yet he dared not stop to rest. Pursuit was close behind. Must press on. Must keep moving.

The death-watch continued through the small hours. Dawn broke, and as the light of day strengthened over Washington, so the light of Abraham Lincoln's life flickered and died. Robert Lincoln held his father's hand. At 7.22 he died. Dr. Leale registered the time. Edward Stanton, Secretary of War, broke the silence: 'Now he belongs to the ages.'

The federal patrol was close at hand, too close. Sweat of agony and fear stood out on the forehead of the assassin, now riding alone across the fields of Virginia. Every stride was pain-wracked. His throat was leather, his eyes balls of grit, his body numb with fatigue. He was crying softly as he rode hunched forward to relieve the pain in his leg. The horse stumbled. Blood spurted from his lip. An old barn caught his eye. He made for it.

Captain Proud halted his troops on the scarp and studied the barn at the foot of the slope. He turned to the sergeant, then shifted his gaze back to the barn.

'Looks like his Reb's luck has run out, Hayes.'

The veteran nodded. 'Let's get him.'

Proud was silent for a moment.

'Send two men round the back to fire the place and put another three along that ridge facing the barn doors.'

Minutes later flames began to leap in the rotting timbers of the barn roof. Booth coughed as the acrid smoke caught his lungs and stung his eyes. He staggered to his feet and lunged towards the door. Choking and retching he pushed it open and blundered into the morning sunlight. Shielding his eyes from the glare he took a deep breath of the sweet southern air—his last breath.

'O.K.' snapped Proud.

Three Winchester rifles spat in the morning air.

M. R. EARL (L VI).

## THE SEA

The sea, a vast and silent place,  
Shows its fury by its pace;  
In the storm it writhes and leaps  
But when calm its silence keeps.  
Its vastness hides beneath its waves  
A beauty yet unsolved, unbraved.  
Its blatant look says, 'Come and see  
If you can solve my mystery'.  
For me it holds a mighty awe  
Of wonder at its open door.  
I think of all its unknown parts,  
And the fear it plants in all men's hearts.

A. PETERS (IV C).



## THE COMING OF SPRING

The snow was lying thick in drifts so deep.  
 And I was filled with woe when first I saw  
 Some saplings, bowed, and waiting for the door  
 Of spring to open, then through it leap  
 Their early date with summer life to keep.  
 But Mother Nature had her own weird law  
 For many of these withered plants ne'er saw  
 The first sweet snowdrop from its warm lair peep:  
 But then all saddened thoughts were gone for e'er  
 And sprouting corn cracked softly 'neath my feet,  
 And buds on bushes formed a sight most rare  
 In majesty over the earth so dull.  
 For after every hardship comes a lull,  
 When things still living their creator greet.

M. REED (III B).

## THE 'MARIE CELESTE'

For thirty days the wind blew well,  
 The sea ran strong beneath,  
 The sun beat down upon the deck  
 And no man thought of death.  
 But on that fateful thirty-first,  
 The look-out from on high  
 Cried 'ship ahoy' and all the men  
 Went up to see her lie.  
 Without a sign of crew, the ship  
 Drew gently alongside,  
 Then of a sudden—menacing—  
 A spectral figure cried:  
 'Aboard, ye spirits,—spare no soul—  
 Use now our occult powers:  
 Avenge our deaths a year ago,  
 Make now their state like ours!  
 Such was the fate of the 'Celeste',  
 A cruel fate indeed,  
 Her crew destroyed by evil powers  
 Which disobeyed God's creed!  
 And so men pray for that lost crew  
 That all their souls may rest,  
 For none will e'er forget the name  
 Of the 'Marie Celeste'.

G. F. HAMMOND (III B).

## THE NIGHTMARE

One night I went to sleep  
 As happy as could be,  
 I dreamt that I was captured  
 By pirates on the sea.  
 They took me to the captain,  
 Who was terrible to see,  
 His face was black as thunder  
 I was shaking at the knees.  
 He looked at me with anger  
 Then laughed, 'Ha, ha! Hee, hee'!  
 He said 'You'll have to walk the plank  
 Into the choppy sea'!  
 Oh, I felt very frightened,  
 I screamed till I was red,  
 Then I woke up and found—  
 I'd fallen out of bed!

I. RANCE (II A).

## JOURNEY TO THE MOON

O thou mysterious silver ball,  
 The nearest planet of them all;  
 Whose cold and eerie borrowed light  
 Relieves the darkness of the night.  
 Your long kept secrets, smiling face,  
 Are viewed by man from outer space,  
 With telescope, rocket, and T.V.  
 Man strives to solve the mystery.  
 'T will not be long before we land  
 Upon your dusty desert sand;  
 And gaze upon the strangest scene  
 That human eyes have ever seen.  
 No sign of life or irrigation,  
 No birds to join in jubilation.  
 But other beauties there behold,  
 Such as this earth did not unfold.

M. I. COOPER (II A).

## THE BATTLE

The tanks come rumbling up quite near,  
The guns which blaze, you can't help but hear.  
Suddenly, the whining of bombs is heard,  
But not a leg or arm has stirred.  
The men with pickaxes stop their work  
For behind the clouds the Spitfires lurk,  
A missile lurches from its standing  
It hits a tank and then in landing  
Explodes . . . and shoots right off the table.  
Then mum shouts for all she's able  
'Dinner's ready, come on down!'  
I pack up my toys and come, with a frown.

T. CUMPER (I A).

## FOUND IN A FLEET STREET FURNACE

A tender love story set in the heart of Civil War, America.  
The group stood in stunned silence as the figure crashed through the bushes towards a waiting horse, his glittering sabre dull with blood.  
Felicity was the first to move. She fainted. Tom rushed to her aid.  
James bent down to make sure Neville was dead, and to keep out of sight in case the mysterious murderer took it into his head to turn and strike again.

Suddenly Hardwick saw another body, that of Nathaniel Barker.  
'Who the devil?' he gasped with a dreadful oath.  
Tom turned. 'Looks like the lawyer my dear cousin Jim hired. Dead,' he said as he fingered the gaping bullet hole in his black coat.  
'So is your father,' said James. Together they turned and helped Felicity back to the house, leaving behind them the grisly spectacle of at least two corpses, stark in the moonlight.

This was civil war. Brother fought brother, father fought mother.  
James Hardwick was engaged to Nora, but she was really in love with Jim, a dashing cavalry officer with a fine sweeping grey moustache. However, Jim was a unionist and Nora's parents, Neville and Felicity, were loyal to the confederacy. Jim realized that if he married Nora only three people, Neville, Felicity and Nora's brother, Tom, stood between him and a fortune. It was to break Nora's previous engagement that Jim had hired a lawyer, Barker, and sneaked into Neville's house by night.

The story continues.  
Next day Tom and James returned to their regiment, and Jim found time that night to bring Nora news of Tom's death in battle.

Nora turned away for a moment, but managed to conceal her emotions.  
Then, turning, she cried, 'Jim. My father's will. After my mother, everything goes to Caroline.'

'You mean Caroline Nichols, daughter by his first wife to your father?' queried Jim.

'Yes.'  
Jim turned away for a moment, but managed to conceal most of his emotions.

His moustache switched once.  
'You mean?' he said at last.  
'Jim, please say that this will not make any difference to us.'  
This time his moustache really started flapping.  
That night Felicity died under mysterious circumstances. No one could make up his mind whether the dagger protruding from her fourth and fifth ribs had anything to do with her passing.

But her will stated that Nora was her heiress! Jim hired another lawyer, one Nick Jackson, who had known Neville at the time of his more recent marriages.

'It is my considered opinion,' Jackson spoke ponderously to Nora and Jim, 'that Caroline was not Neville's daughter.' He paused, to allow time for this to penetrate Jim's head and startle him. Jim and Nora stepped back in startled surprise.

'I think,' he continued, 'that he adopted her, and, after his current wife's death, claimed her to be his own. The proof that she is not his daughter lies in the fact that Caroline does not bear a certain birthmark peculiar to the first born in the Nichols family since the emigration of Neville's great grandfather. Tom did not hear the mark either!'

'Then you mean,' spluttered Jim.  
'Precisely. Nora, if she bears the mark, must be the daughter of Neville's first wife, and, as such, must inherit the Nichols' estate.'

'You mean?'  
'Also, owing to some obscure law, Nora may not marry James Hardwick, to whom she is vaguely related.'

'Then that means,' Jim spoke then paused, to think.  
A swift rattle of hooves broke the silence.  
'It's James, Jim! They know you are here!'

'You mean?' queried Jim. Then, without another word, he drew his sword and fled through the back door, to escape on his horse. Nora watched him, his moustache flying in the wind.

'He is so brave,' she sighed.  
'Through here, men!' rasped Hardwick as he burst into the room.

'Where is he?'  
'Who, James?' asked Nora, quietly sewing a bandage.  
'That Yank you persist in associating yourself with.'

She drew herself erect. Her knees rods of steel.  
'He is not here.'

He grasped her arm fiercely, she screamed, 'Let me go,' and bit him.  
'By heaven, you have spirit!' he cried as he sprang from her. Then he dried his tears and shouted, 'You'll pay for this,' and, as he turned to leave, 'so will that no good son of the Union.'

Outside he posted a guard to be sure that if Jim returned he would not leave alive.

Jim, however, contrived to worm his way back towards the house. In the stillness of the night one could hear the rustle of his moustache as it swept the ground before him.

He saw the guard. Next minute the man was dead at his feet. He searched him, and found a key. He ran to the door. The key fitted, as he had known it would. The lock slid smoothly back and the door swung open.

He heard a move on the stairs. He sprang back, but a voice that he recognized only too well whispered, 'Jim'. And he knew it to be his loved one. Her knees turned to water.

'Jim, if they find you here they'll kill you. Why have you come?'  
'You mean?' questioned Jim.

Then their eyes met and she knew why he was there. She slowly descended the stairs with her arms outstretched, and proved that she was indeed sole successor to half a million dollars. Spurs clinking he bounded to her. 'ling.' Then his white, flowing moustache blotted the view.

J. C. CROKER (L VI)

## GAMES AND ATHLETICS

## CRICKET, 1962

## 1ST XI

May 9	School 62 for 6, Slough Technical School 60	...	...	Won by 4 wickets.
May 12	School 33 for 4, Sir William Borlase 32	...	...	Won by 6 wickets.
May 16	School 30 for 1, Maidenhead Grammar School 29	...	...	Won by 9 wickets.
May 26	School 113, Ranelagh Grammar School 84 for 6	...	...	Drawn.
May 30	School 32 for 2, R.A.F. Medmenham 29	...	...	Won by 8 wickets.
June 2	School 73, Shoreditch Training College 75 for 5	...	...	Lost by 5 wickets.
June 6	School 48, Ashford Grammar School 78	...	...	Lost by 30 runs.
June 9	School 49, Old Paludians 54	...	...	Lost by 5 runs.
June 16	School 87 for 5, Strodes School 85	...	...	Won by 5 wickets.
June 23	School 74, D. Challoner's School 75	...	...	Lost by 1 run.
June 30	School 69 for 5, Bishopshalt 65	...	...	Won by 5 wickets.
July 7	School 92 for 4, Strodes School 91 for 4 dec.	...	...	Won by 6 wickets.
July 11	School 61, Shoreditch Training College 133	...	...	Lost by 72 runs.
July 14	School 93, Peter Symonds School 109	...	...	Lost by 16 runs.
July 18	School 72, R.A.F. Halton 113 for 5 dec.	...	...	Lost by 41 runs.
July 24	School 141 for 7 dec., Staff 76 for 8	...	...	Drawn.
	Won 7	Lost 7	Drawn 2.	

## AVERAGES

Batting: R. Davis	248 runs at 16.55.	Bowling: R. Johnson	33 wkts. at 5.61.
B. Whelan	131 runs at 16.37.	R. Moore	51 wkts. at 6.13.
R. Johnson	153 runs at 12.75.	G. Bull	28 wkts. at 9.39.

The 1st XI lost most of its members from the previous year, but quickly knitted into a team of fair success and much individual achievement.

R. Davis captained very well with the atmosphere of a professional about him, considering batting, bowling and field placing with meticulous care.

The team was not a particularly strong batting side—much depending on one or two players. Davis shouldered the responsibility of opening and scored many runs in fine style, whereas his partner, M. Boweren, seemed to go just when settling in. R. Johnson's steady stroke-play and B. Whelan's lusty hitting usually constituted the middle order batting. D. Fox's fine potential seldom materialized, R. Whelan was far too unpredictable, and R. Dowding's average of 2.0 speaks for itself. C. Bass' classic style much strengthened the batting when released from Under 15 XI responsibilities. The lower order batting, apart from an adventurous M. Holder, contributed little to scores reached.

The strength of the team lay with the ball. In many of the matches bowlers' success left a target within the batting's perhaps limited capabilities.

R. Moore increased his formerly medium pace to that of an opener while swinging the ball substantially in the air and off the wicket. He took a record 51 wickets at a cheap rate and seldom tired despite long spells. M. Holder's exceptional pace did not claim many wickets due to remarkable bad luck which followed him through the season. G. Bull bowled consistent fast-medium but seemed to lack some of the penetration he is capable of. The spin attack was often limited to R. Johnson partnering the ever-present Moore, a combination that did much damage. Johnson's flighted off-spin took many wickets at a very economical rate and was often able to hold one end cheaply. Davis only occasionally used his own varied spin bowling and it is significant that Fox and Bass, both recognized bowlers, seldom turned their arms over.

E. Thomas was a competent wicketkeeper although far from spectacular and the fielding on the whole was generally fair. Fox in the slips and Davis in the outfield deserve special mention.

Mr. Mills has been the master in charge of the 1st XI for many years. His enthusiasm and encouragement have produced fine team spirit, and a widespread cricket reputation for the school. Most players have benefited from his personal coaching and advice, and his departure to Wales for health reasons leaves a gap that will be hard to fill. Nevertheless we all wish him the best of health, luck and cricket.

R. C. JOHNSON (Hon. Secretary).

## 2ND XI

## WON 4 LOST 6 DRAWN 1

The team had rather an unsettled season, over twenty players turning out at one time or another. M. Stenning as captain, however, managed to control all these changes, and the games were played in usual 2nd XI spirit and enthusiasm. Scores varied from the excellent to the abysmal but E. Lucas-Smith, C. Burley and R. Sherlock, in his occasional appearances, batted well. P. Small, B. Higginson, J. Humphries and M. Stenning had their moments but were far too unreliable. Small dominated the bowling taking almost half the number of wickets captured. D. Stenning showed promise, P. Wallis as usual tried hard, with Higginson and Humphries again having some success.

The XI would, undoubtedly, have had better results with a stable team; even so the team had a fair season enjoyed by all those who played.

R.C.J.

## UNDER 15 XI

## WON 5 LOST 5 DRAWN 1

With the encouragement of Mr. Whatmore and Mr. Bailey the team was a very enthusiastic one. Frequent clashes with the staff team were viewed in almost Test Match spirit. Christopher Bass, as captain, dominated the team. Not only did he play for, and captain, both the County and Southern England XI's, but brought great honour to himself and the school by being chosen to captain England Schoolboys against the Public Schools at Lord's. These selections speak for themselves and can only be followed by praise and congratulations on his achievements. For the XI his batting was vital—without it the side looked a little fragile. M. Bell, P. Smith and M. Pell batted well scoring valuable runs, and Bell's opening with Bass often realized a substantial start to the innings. Walker was an accurate and promising fast bowler, Bass a confident leg spinner, Bray a remarkable break bowler and G. Roberts picked up several fairly cheap wickets. Generally, however, the side was not a strong one but enthusiasm and confidence brought good results.

The team was selected from: C. Bass, M. Bell, P. Cannings, P. Smith, D. Roberts, J. Macmillan, A. Pell, B. Ahearne, T. Bray, G. Walker, G. Roberts, A. Parsons, I. Kitching, D. Gleave.

R.C.J.

## UNDER 13 XI

Out of five matches played three were lost and two won—all the games being contested keenly. Bloxham showed himself as a consistent and promising opening bat, supported well by Elder, Pratt and Hampton, but apart from Clark, the boys were reluctant to hit the ball with any force. Clark used his height to capture many wickets with the ball although it was rather expensive. Hampton bowled very well and Elder took several wickets.

The team was selected from: P. Bloxham, D. Bull, J. Elder, C. Avis, M. Clark, C. Pratt, R. Smith, K. Hampton, D. Webber, J. Whiting, K. Franklin, A. Murray, I. Cartwright, with B. Stout, M. Cooper and B. Eaglestone coming in for one game.

## ATHLETICS, 1962

During the season three full-scale athletic matches were organized. It is unfortunate that the results of the away fixture against Windsor Grammar School have been mislaid, but we can report that both the Under-15 and Senior Teams had comfortable victories.

The results of the other matches are as follows:

SENIORS		INTERMEDIATES	
Slough G.S. ....	70 points	Windsor G.S. ....	48 points
R.A.F. Halton .....	61 points	Slough G.S. ....	44 points
Windsor G.S. ....	48 points		
SENIORS		INTERMEDIATES	
Slough G.S. ....	52 points	... 48 points	... 20 points
Maidenhead G.S. ...	45 points	... 42 points	... 30 points

The school has again maintained its extremely high standard and improved its excellent record by once again sending boys to the District, County and National Championships.

We look forward to another interesting season in 1963 and hope it will be as successful as the last one.

#### SPORTS DAY, 1962

For the 1962 House Championship Milton were the overall winners and were awarded the Johnson Cup. Hampden were the runners-up. It is interesting to note that the final order of the houses was exactly the reverse to last year's order—a reminder how quickly athletic fortunes can change.

The five point standard system worked as well as could be expected. Although it is still not perfect a lot was learnt and we are sure that it will be even more successful this year.

We were very pleased to have with us Mr. Ben Llewellyn who retired from the post of Senior Master here, eleven years ago; he presented the cups and certificates and gave us many words of expert advice.

RESULTS (G—Gray; Ha—Hampden; He—Herschel; M—Milton).

100 yards	1st R. Flower (Ha), 2nd P. Spooner (M), 3rd A. Alderman (G), 4th B. Harden (He).
[Time: 11-15 secs.]	
220 yards	1st H. Froggatt (Ha), 2nd M. Gain (M), 3rd B. Harden (He), 4th A. Alderman (G).
[Time: 24-7 secs.]	
440 yards	1st R. Flower (Ha), 2nd P. Virgo (G), 3rd J. Virgo (G), 4th K. Robertson (He).
[Time: 52-5 secs. (New Record)]	
880 yards	1st C. Doyle (Ha), 2nd R. Barrett (G), 3rd M. Duff (G), 4th D. Dilnot (He).
[Time: 2 mins. 5-3 secs.]	
1 mile	1st M. Duff (G), 2nd C. Doyle (Ha), 3rd D. Dilnot (He), 4th D. Beer (G).
[Time: 4 mins. 42-3 secs. (New Record)]	
Hurdles	1st H. Froggatt (Ha) and P. Spooner (M), 3rd C. Wood (M), 4th R. Breen (G).
[Time: 15-6 secs.]	
High Jump	1st R. Connor (M), 2nd J. Rothero (M), 3rd D. Godfrey (He), 4th P. Griffiths (He).
[Height: 5 ft. 2½ in.]	
Pole Vault	1st M. Holloway (He), 2nd K. Robertson (He), 3rd C. Carritt (M), 4th J. Rothero (M) and S. Baxter (S).
[Height: 9 ft. 4½ ins. (New Record)]	
Long Jump	1st R. Flower (Ha), 2nd J. Le Page (He), 3rd P. Spooner (M), 4th A. Alderman (G).
[Distance: 18 ft. 11½ ins.]	
Triple Jump	1st H. Froggatt (Ha), 2nd J. Le Page (He), 3rd R. Flower (Ha), 4th A. Alderman (G).
[Distance: 38 ft. 10 ins.]	
Discus	1st P. O'Leary (M), 2nd P. Virgo (G), 3rd M. Gain (M), 4th A. Smyth (Ha).
[Distance: 100 ft. 9½ ins.]	
Shot	1st I. Taylor (He), 2nd M. Gain (M), 3rd P. Spooner (M), 4th E. Husbands (Ha).
[Distance: 40 ft. 4 ins.]	
Javelin	1st I. Taylor (He), 2nd M. Holder (Ha), 3rd M. Lewis (M), 4th H. Duffy (He).
[Distance: 147 ft. 1 in.]	
Relay	1st Hampden, 2nd Milton, 3rd Gray, 4th Herschel. [Time: 46-7 secs. (New Record)]
Open Mile Handicap	1st R. Barrett, 2nd J. Luckie, 3rd S. Hatch, 4th M. Duff.

#### CLASS II

100 yards	1st K. Dawes (G), 2nd P. Bell (Ha), 3rd P. Cannings (He), 4th D. White (G).
[Time: 12 secs.]	
220 yards	1st G. Hester (Ha), 2nd K. Dawes (G), 3rd R. Poulter (M), 4th P. Bell (Ha).
[Time: 25-8 secs.]	
440 yards	1st A. Johnson (He), 2nd G. Hester (Ha), 3rd M. Stanborough (Ha), 4th G. Wallace (G).
[Time: 57-1 secs.]	
880 yards	1st A. Johnson (He), 2nd N. Campbell (Ha), 3rd C. Cockburn (M), 4th D. Murtagh (Ha).
[Time: 2 mins. 24-7 secs.]	
1 mile	1st N. Campbell (Ha), 2nd I. Cruickshank (He), 3rd C. Cockburn (M), 4th C. Morfew (G).
[Time: 5 mins. 23-9 secs.]	
Hurdles	1st H. Burden (He), 2nd S. Thompson (Ha), 3rd M. Kennedy (M), 4th J. Merritt (Ha).
[Time: 13-3 secs.]	
High Jump	1st G. Hammond (G), 2nd P. Grantham (Ha), 3rd R. Poulter (M), 4th H. Burden (He).
[Height: 4 ft. 9 ins.]	
Pole Vault	1st M. Kennedy (M), 2nd B. Street (M), 3rd G. Clark (He), 4th S. Durbin (He).
[Height: 6 ft. 10½ ins.]	
Long Jump	1st A. Johnson (He), 2nd C. Cockburn (M), 3rd G. Hester (Ha), 4th K. Dawes (G).
[Distance: 16 ft. 5 ins.]	
Triple Jump	1st A. Johnson (He), 2nd K. Dawes (G), 3rd M. Pratt (G), 4th C. Avis (Ha).
[Distance: 34 ft. 10½ ins.]	
Discus	1st M. Clarke (M), 2nd C. Cockburn (M), 3rd N. Campbell (Ha), 4th H. Burden (He).
[Distance: 86 ft. 1 in.]	
Shot	1st G. Hester (Ha), 2nd I. Kitching (G), 3rd A. Parsons (M), 4th P. Bell (Ha).
[Distance: 31 ft. 4 ins.]	
Javelin	1st A. Parsons (M), 2nd J. Earl (G), 3rd M. Clarke (M), 4th J. Latache (Ha).
[Distance: 114 ft.]	
Relay	1st Hampden, 2nd Gray, 3rd Milton, 4th Herschel. [Time: 51-8secs.]
CLASS III	
100 yards	1st J. Luckie (M), 2nd J. Whiting (He), 3rd M. Reed (He), 4th D. Twigg (G).
[Time: 12-3 secs.]	
220 yards	1st J. Luckie (M), 2nd J. Whiting (He), 3rd J. Powrie (Ha), 4th P. Twigg (G).
[Time: 28-7 secs.]	
Hurdles	1st K. Hampton (M), 2nd J. Powrie (Ha), 3rd A. Jones (Ha), 4th M. Grosch (G).
[Time: 12-4 secs.]	
High Jump	1st K. Hampton (M), 2nd G. Pizzey (He), 3rd M. Birch (M), 4th M. Reed (He).
and J. Jones (G). [Height: 4 ft. 1 in.]	
Long Jump	1st K. Dougan (He), 2nd J. Powrie (Ha), 3rd K. Martin (He), 4th D. Pound (G).
[Distance: 14 ft. 1½ ins.]	
Triple Jump	1st J. Powrie (Ha), 2nd M. Talmage (M), 3rd K. Martin (He), 4th G. Pizzey (He).
[Distance: 28 ft. 1 in.]	
Discus	1st M. Smith (G), 2nd J. Luckie (M), 3rd I. Hughes (G), 4th M. Reed (He).
[Distance: 70 ft. 10½ ins.]	
Shot	1st J. Luckie (M), 2nd J. Whiting (He), 3rd M. Talmage (M), 4th D. Twigg (G).
[Distance: 28 ft. 3½ ins.]	
Javelin	1st M. Moore (M), 2nd S. Morton (He), 3rd R. Lynch (G), 4th R. Talbot (He).
[Distance: 74 ft. 3 ins.]	
Relay	1st Herschel, 2nd Milton, 3rd Hampden, 4th Gray. [Time: 56-9 secs.]
CLASS III. Winners Milton (Smith Cup)	
CLASS II. Winners Hampden (Headmaster's Cup)	
CLASS I. Winners Hampden (A Cup)	
FINAL OVERALL RESULT:	
1st Milton 206½ points (Johnson Cup); 2nd Hampden 201 points; 3rd Herschel 191½ points; 4th Gray 162 points.	



## DISTRICT SPORTS

## SENIORS (17—19 years)

100 yards—H. Froggatt 2nd.  
 880 yards—P. Virgo 1st, J. Virgo 2nd.  
 High Jump—R. Connor 1st.  
 Long Jump—J. Le Page 4th.  
 Triple Jump—J. Le Page 2nd, R. Connor 4th.  
 Pole Vault—C. Carritt 1st.  
 Shot—G. Thomas 3rd, A. Smyth 4th.  
 Discus—P. O'Leary 2nd, A. Smyth 4th.

## INTERMEDIATES (15—17 years)

100 yards—A. Alderman 1st.  
 880 yards—R. Barrett 1st, C. Ramsdale 2nd.  
 High Jump—J. Rothero 1st, D. Godfrey 2nd.  
 Triple Jump—K. Robertson 1st, C. Bass 4th.  
 Pole Vault—M. Holloway 1st, K. Robertson 2nd.  
 Shot—L. Taylor 1st.  
 Javelin—M. Holder 1st, L. Taylor 4th.

## JUNIORS (13—15 years)

Hurdles—S. Thompson 2nd, H. Burden 4th.  
 Long Jump—C. Cockburn 1st.  
 Triple Jump—A. Johnson 1st, C. Cockburn 2nd.  
 Pole Vault—A. M. Kennedy 4th.

## BOYS (11—13 years)

High Jump—R. Poulter 4th.  
 Long Jump—R. Poulter 3rd.  
 Shot—M. Talmage 4th.  
 Discus—M. Clarke 1st.

## COUNTY SPORTS

## SENIORS (17—19 years)

Triple Jump—J. Le Page 4th.  
 Pole Vault—C. Carritt 3rd.  
 100 yards—H. Froggatt 4th.  
 440 yards—P. Virgo 3rd.  
 880 yards—D. Beer 4th.  
 Mile—M. Duff 2nd.

## INTERMEDIATES (15—17 years)

440 yards—R. Flower 1st.  
 880 yards—R. Barrett 1st (New County Record), C. Ramsdale 4th.  
 Hurdles—C. Wood 2nd.  
 High Jump—J. Rothero and D. Godfrey 3rd.  
 Triple Jump—K. Robertson 3rd.  
 Javelin—L. Taylor 1st.  
 Shot—L. Taylor 3rd.

Pole Vault—K. Robertson 1st, M. Holloway 4th.

## JUNIORS (13—15 years)

Triple Jump—A. Johnson 1st (New County Record).

## ALL-ENGLAND SPORTS

R. Flower, 440 yards, 3rd; R. Barrett, 880 yards, 8th; A. Johnson, Triple Jump, 4th; M. Holloway, Pole Vault, 6th; all achieved standard height, time or distance.

C. Wood (Hurdles) and L. Taylor (Javelin) also represented their county. Colours for Athletics were re-awarded to: R. Flower, M. Holloway, K. Robertson, R. Barrett and L. Taylor.

They were awarded to: C. Wood, A. Johnson, M. Duff, H. Froggatt. The following received half-colours: J. Rothero, D. Godfrey, J. Le Page, A. Alderman, P. Virgo, J. Virgo.

## TENNIS SIX

The school tennis six continues to be a formidable force in inter-schools' tennis.

Last season we completed a programme of some dozen fixtures, all of which were won. The away match with Windsor Grammar School, nevertheless, was very close, our six winning by only three games.

The members of the team are to be congratulated on their consistency. The second and third pairs, usually consisting of B. Thorp and C. Weightman, P. Derks and P. Gardner, always provided a sound foundation for success, while the first pair, B. G. Kelley and C. R. Timms, dropped only one set throughout the season.

Kelley and Timms again attended the L.T.A. Boys' Schools' National Tournament at Wimbledon in July. Unfortunately they were unable to repeat their success of the previous year, being beaten in the quarter-finals by two matches to one by the eventual winners of the Ramsden Cup, Stationers' School.

R. Lister and P. Smith also played at Wimbledon—in the under 16's tournament. Although they were beaten, the experience will doubtless prove valuable this season.

C. R. TIMMS.

## SOCCER 1962-63

## 1ST XI



BACK ROW: M. Holder, C. Bass, M. Lumb, D. Coe, D. Roberts, R. Breen.  
 FRONT ROW: D. Godfrey, M. Bell, R. Sherlock (capt.), C. Sherlock, M. Holloway.

Home	v	Bishopshalt	...	...	...	...	...	Lost	...	...	0-2
Home	v	Slough College	...	...	...	...	...	Won	...	...	11-0
Away	v	Slough Technical	...	...	...	...	...	Won	...	...	2-1
Away	v	Peter Symonds, Winchester	...	...	...	...	...	Draw	...	...	2-2
Home	v	Strodes, Egham	...	...	...	...	...	Lost	...	...	1-2
Home	v	Queen Mary's, Basingstoke	...	...	...	...	...	Won	...	...	5-1
Away	v	Wycombe Technical	...	...	...	...	...	Lost	...	...	3-5
Away	v	Shoreditch Training College	...	...	...	...	...	Won	...	...	6-2
Away	v	Strodes, Egham	...	...	...	...	...	Lost	...	...	2-3
Away	v	Ashford Grammar School (Middx.)	...	...	...	...	...	Won	...	...	8-1
Home	v	Stoneham	...	...	...	...	...	Draw	...	...	3-3
Away	v	Old Paludians	...	...	...	...	...	Lost	...	...	1-3

Because of the terrible winter, thirteen of the matches arranged for the season had to be cancelled. Of the twelve matches played, five were won, five lost and the other two drawn. Purely on the basis of these results, the season can be considered as only average but the introduction of several new players to the team has been successful in that a solid nucleus has been found for next year's 1st XI; at least six of this year's team should be available next season.

In the pre-season trials, it became obvious that there was no player capable of leading the attack from the centre-forward position and so it was decided that the two inside forwards were to play a double centre-forward game. The 'man in the middle', in order to obtain balance, was to play deep and act as a link-man to initiate attacks. His job was therefore of extreme importance to the team as a whole. This position was filled by the captain, R. Sherlock who soon settled down to become the key man in mid-field, doing much good work not only in starting attacks but also in finishing them.

The defence was built round centre-half D. Fox who gave many excellent displays. His ability in the air and his ball distribution led to him being selected for the F.A. Schools' Week at Oxford. M. Lumb gave the team good service in goal and built up a fine understanding with the defence. Full backs D. Roberts and M. Holder combined their strength of tackle with good use of the ball to give the defence a solid backbone. Two newcomers, C. Bass and D. Coe, filled the wing-half positions and once they settled down in this new class of football they showed great promise. As previously mentioned, Sherlock filled the centre-forward berth and the remaining four forwards were selected from the following: M. Bell, a player whose skill and quick thinking proved an asset to the team; C. Sherlock, a small but strong footballer with excellent ball control; D. Godfrey, a fast, tricky player on the wing or inside; M. Holloway, whose speed and enthusiasm gave the forward line zest and R. Breen, who made the left wing position his own with his speed and hard shooting.

Forty-four goals were scored in the twelve matches—an average of almost four goals a game—and twenty-seven goals conceded. This is very commendable as only five of the twelve matches were won.

It is hoped that next season's 1st XI will be more successful as far as both weather and victories are concerned. Those boys from this year's XI who represent the school again next year should provide a solid backbone for a successful team.

J. TRIGG (Secretary).

## 2nd XI

The school's second eleven has had a successful season, winning seven matches, drawing one and losing three games. Forty-seven goals were scored by the school against only eighteen goals scored by our opponents.

The severe winter forced the cancellation of many of our home fixtures, with the result that out of the eleven games played, eight were played away from home.

Because of injuries and players moving between the first and second elevens, team selection, especially at the start of the season was quite difficult

and varied. The most difficult position to fill was centre-half, and no less than seven boys played in that position.

R. Lister in goal performed extremely well, and proved a sound rear-guard. The two full-backs, A. Singleton and R. Smith played together for most of the season, and developed a strong partnership. D. Hannigan, a rugged tackler, and J. Murray (who also played well at centre-half) occupied the wing-half positions. G. Bull played excellently at centre-half during the middle of the season, but unfortunately, owing to an ankle injury was kept out of the game during this year.

The forward line was unavoidably changed many times, but played consistently, failing to score in only one game throughout the season. G. Hester played well on both wings, scoring freely. A. Alderman occupied any of the positions on the left side of the forward line and was leading goalscorer. J. Trigg the schemer of the line, played effectively and untiringly. He combined well with the forwards, especially C. Timms who proved a determined leader. R. Johnson played for the eleven at the end of the season, and proved an invaluable asset with his splendid ball control.

Special note must be made of B. Kelley, S. Kochanowski, R. Steggall, G. J. Thomas, R. Grantham, N. Traylen and J. Prout who stepped in whenever their help was needed.

Finally thanks must be given to J. S. Boardall who gave of his valuable time in managing and accompanying the team to all of its away matches.

## UNDER 15 'A' XI

Once again this team had a very successful season.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Goals Against
20	16	3	1	108	21

The side started slowly, winning matches by the odd goal. However, they settled down into a very powerful side, with good understanding between individually excellent players. The defence was so strong that Kitching in goal had no chance to show his true capabilities.

The team was very ably led by Messenger with assistance by Wallace the Vice-Captain. For the second year running the team won their section of the District League, conceding only one point. They also retained the Rebel Shield beating Langley Grammar School in a hard-fought final by four goals to one. Most of the team should go on to be very useful members of the school's senior sides.

Olson and Messenger represented the District on many occasions, Olson as Captain. Both these players also played for the County XI.

Leading goal scorers: Olson 32, Gedge 18, Messenger 14, Donoghue 14.

Team: I. Kitching, J. Raeside, G. Wallace, N. Campbell, R. Grant-ham, D. Gleave, I. Cruickshank, B. Eaglestone, G. Olson, K. Messenger, J. Gedge, M. Donoghue, K. Dawes.

## UNDER 15 'B' XI

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Goals Against
9	6	2	1	43	12

Despite a severely curtailed programme, this team has enjoyed a most successful season, reaching the quarter final of the Rebel Shield, and ending their league programme with a 100 per cent record. The following were regular members of the team: S. Durbin (captain), M. Paxton, M. Pratt, C. Avis, B. Street, M. Stanborough, D. Kemp, C. Mansfield, C. Cockburn. A. John, and R. Poulter also played in several matches.

G.H.E.

## UNDER 13 'A' XI

Despite the long cold spell this team has played a full fixture of eighteen games, twelve of them in the local Intermediate North League. Under the able captaincy of K. Hampton, the team had a successful season marred only by two disappointing defeats by the league champions, Haymill. The school were runners-up in the league and reached the semi-final of the Lightfoot Cup. The chief goalscorers were K. Hampton and K. Franklin both of whom played consistently well. K. Giles, goalkeeper, and A. Pitcher, full-back, the only first-formers in the team, deserve considerable praise for their efforts. S. Hatch and J. Smith always worked tirelessly in defence. The team was represented by the following: K. Hampton (capt.), S. Hatch, K. Giles, K. Franklin, J. Smith, J. Powrie, A. Pitcher, D. Murray, I. Rance, A. King, R. Carter, K. Martin, B. Cooke, T. Agnew.

## UNDER 13 'B' XI

The team this year was only moderate, failing to win a match. On several occasions, however, they were decidedly unlucky, losing four games by the odd goal. Three of the younger players to show some promise for the future were T. Agnew, S. Shears and T. Lewin. B. Cooke and Agnew were the leading scorers.

## THE SIX-A-SIDE TOURNAMENT

The annual six-a-side tournament has, in the past, built up a reputation for keen, exciting football and this year's tournament enhanced this reputation. Care went into the selection of the teams and consequently it was impossible to determine which were the best teams. The staff fielded their usual two teams and between them they amassed one victory! D. Godfrey's team met A. Alderman's team in the senior final and the former won by three goals to one. D. Godfrey scored two of his side's goals and D. Gleave added the third. B. Kelley scored for the losers. The junior final was very close; no goals were scored, but M. Clark's team won by a solitary corner.

The winning teams were: D. Godfrey (capt.), R. Johnson, A. Parsons, D. Gleave, B. Street and J. Bostock.

M. Clark (capt.), K. Giles, P. Morgan, B. Godfrey, I. Rance and M. Moore.

J. TRIGG.

## CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

## SENIORS

Despite the weather, the senior team had no less than eighteen runs this year—fourteen of which resulted in victory for the school. Seven of the fixtures were triangular and fine victories were recorded over such strong opponents as Pangbourne College, Newland Park Training College, and Dr. Challoner's Grammar School.

For the third time in succession we won the Beaumont Shield in the under seventeen section of the District Championships, at Eton, followed in by Langley and then Burnham Grammar School. Once again M. Rouse was the individual winner, E. Thomas was fourth and R. Barrett was sixth. M. Rouse and D. Dilnot are to be congratulated on being chosen to run for Buckinghamshire in the All-England Championships and D. Beer was reserve.

The strength of the team lay, this year, not so much in individual brilliance, as in an over-all high standard and in a strong team spirit. Nevertheless M. Rouse and D. Dilnot proved the two outstanding runners, each having several victories to his credit. Only the fact that Dilnot raced in less than half of the fixtures, as he is still in the fifth form, prevented him from being awarded his full colours. R. Barrett, another fine runner was unfortunate to



Senior Cross Country Team.

FRONT ROW (left to right): E. Thomas, M. Rouse, D. Beer (capt.), P. Virgo, C. Ramsdale.

BACK ROW (left to right): J. Virgo, R. Kingston, P. Hinchcliffe, D. Dilnot, R. Barrett, P. O'Leary.

break his ankle at the beginning of the season and could not run for many weeks. The veterans of the team, D. Beer, P. Hinchcliffe, J. and P. Virgo packed closely behind the leaders varying their individual positions from race to race while E. Thomas and C. Ramsdale continued last year's improvement and ran consistently well throughout the season. Mention must also be made of R. Kingston, R. Croker and P. O'Leary who ran regularly for the team and were willing to substitute for injuries.

David Beer has been a most effective and conscientious captain and has done much to further the sport throughout the school particularly with the help he has given in the training of the under 15 and under 13 teams. Peter Virgo, too, has been an exceptionally efficient and willing secretary and all the arranging and confirming of fixtures has been left in his capable hands. We can look forward to next season with confidence; although we shall be losing several runners, a very strong team will remain.

Colours re-awarded: D. Beer, J. Virgo, P. Virgo. New colours: M. Rouse, E. Thomas, P. Hinchcliffe, C. Ramsdale. Half colours re-awarded: D. Dilnot, R. Barrett.

## INTERMEDIATES

The hard winter and the lack of a gymnasium meant that in the New Year many games' periods and P.E. lessons were given up to running. This had a marked effect on the under 15 team, half of whom are regular members of the 'A' and 'B' football team and are therefore often affected by a clash of interests. Thus, after a disappointing start to the season, a number of changes were made in the team in the New Year and by the end of the season the group had been welded into a reliable team noteworthy for sound packing rather than for any brilliant individual performances.

Fixtures were arranged against Langley Grammar School (2), Burnham Grammar School (1), Slough and Eton Secondary School (1), Dr. Challoner's School (2), and although beaten twice by Dr. Challoner's, the team won one

of the fixtures against Langley and defeated both the other schools. At the District Championships the team came third behind Burnham and Langley, but in the relay at Langley Park organized by Langley Grammar School we could only come eighth out of thirteen schools, although N. Campbell is to be congratulated on running the third fastest lap of the meeting.

Congratulations to G. Wallace, K. Messenger and J. Luckie for representing the District at the County Championships and to Messenger for being chosen as reserve for the County.

The following ran for the team: K. Messenger, G. Wallace, N. Campbell, J. Luckie, I. Cruickshank, R. Lang, D. Murtagh, C. Morffew. Reserves: W. Manners, A. Moore, M. Paxton.

#### JUNIORS

It is encouraging to see that there is no lack of enthusiasm or talent in the Junior School and this year has been a most successful season for the Under 13 team. With a nucleus of good second formers in S. Hatch, M. Moore, B. Goodall, B. Cooke, M. Cooper and K. Franklin competition to gain a place in the 'A' team has been keen and we have usually managed to field two full teams of eight runners.

Only one out of the six fixtures was lost and that was against Dr. Challoner's School, run at Amersham under appalling conditions of ice, snow and fog. In the District Championships at Eton we won the Challenge Shield for the fifth year out of the last six with the impressive margin of 89 points over our nearest rival, Slough and Eton School. In this race Hatch is to be congratulated on finishing second after a great struggle for first place, and Moore on being third.

We look forward to another strong team next year with such promising newcomers as C. Hague, R. Amoroso, M. Price, P. Wilson, T. Agnew and S. Shears.

The following also ran for the school in this age group: J. Phear, T. Godfrey, P. House, D. Kitson, B. Garrod, R. Thomas.

#### HOCKEY

This year the school Hockey XI experienced one of the most successful seasons on record, winning eight out of the fifteen games played with one drawn and six lost. Even more remarkable than this, however, was the number of goals scored: 70 for and only 20 against; indicating not only the scoring power of the forwards but also the rigidity of the defence.

With regards to the weather it was a very disappointing season as the cold spell caused the cancellation of ten matches. The first match after this spell was played on the 9th March and with a break since 19th December it was like starting the season all over again. Fortunately for our then unfit team our opponents in this match, Ashmead Grammar School are one of the weakest teams we play and we won by 13 goals to nil.

Looking back over the results of matches played against stronger opponents, it is encouraging to notice that in the two matches played against High Wycombe Royal Grammar School, only one goal was conceded by the school.

New fixtures were arranged with Langley Grammar School and also Burnham Grammar School and added to an already bulging fixture list.

The regular team consisted of R. Fountain, C. Rowe, P. Robson, R. Loomes, J. LePage (capt.), D. Stenning, B. Walker, P. Roberts, C. Louch, G. Thomas, M. Kolaszynski and A. Pell with B. Hyman as reserve.

The ability of our captain J. LePage was recognized by the county when he was selected to play for Bucks Colts in the Inter-Counties tournament at Seaford College this Easter.

New colours were awarded to R. S. Loomes and colours re-awarded to J. LePage, A. Thomas and C. Louch.

Thanks are due to the Old Pals Hockey Club for their summer coaching, which unfortunately only a few of the team attended, and for giving several players regular places in their Saturday teams.

R.S.L.

#### RUGBY CLUB

The Rugby Club this year enjoyed a season of only moderate success, winning six of the thirteen matches played and scoring 54 points to 116 points against. We had three new fixtures: against Hayes Grammar School, St. Nicholas Grammar School and Stoneham.

For the first time in several years we were able to field a relatively constant team, owing partly to the large increase in the size of the VI Form. However, we sadly missed the experience of some of last season's players, especially in the early part of the season.

The team was fortunate in having C. Evans, a forward of considerable experience, as captain, and it was often his skill and spirit which held the untried team together.

C. Evans and G. Thomas represented the school in the Bucks County Schoolboy Trials at Wycombe. G. Thomas was later selected to play in the County team at centre.

This season the club had the active support of a new member of Staff, Mr. Shield, who was always ready to coach and give advice to the team. He was aided by Mr. Myatt and Mr. Malin, whose help we greatly appreciate.

The forwards, in this season's team, proved to be the stronger part of the team, some spirited play being shown in the loose, and speed in getting the ball from the line-out. Our three-quarters, although very fast and dangerous when they got going, showed some reluctance to pass the ball down the line.

Towards the end of the season, the School XV played a team selected from the Staff. This proved to be a closely fought match; their superior fitness and speed eventually giving victory to the school by 9-3.

We look forward next year to a full fixture list and hope that, with much of this season's team remaining at school, we will have more success.

Full colours were re-awarded to C. Evans (Captain, County Trials 1961-62-63) and were awarded to: G. Thomas (County Trials 1963), M. Boweren, B. Higginson, A. Gooch and C. Pryce. Half colours were awarded to: P. Bradley, R. Smith and G. Coleman.

B. HIGGINSON (Secretary).

#### SWIMMING

In some ways, this has not been a bright year for our swimming enthusiasts—half-way through the Autumn Term, the Social Centre baths closed for repairs and it was not until the end of the long winter that school swimming started again. This meant that there was no Senior Gala.

At the Intermediate Gala held in March, our team was unable to gain a place, but individual efforts were noteworthy. Richard Chaplin, Ian Hughes, John Peacock and David Rogerson gained third place in the Medley Team Race. Ian Hughes was placed fourth in the Breaststroke Style event, while in the Breaststroke Race he returned the fastest time in the heats,



setting up a new record, but was beaten into second place in the final; he lowered the record by 2.4 sec. to 24.2 sec., a creditable achievement.

Peter Griffiths, who swam in the 100 yards Open Championship, also broke the existing record, lowering the time for the event from 65.8 sec. to 64 sec.

In contrast to these records . . . two boys, one in Form I and the other in Form IV, have learned to swim recently, each at his first visit. Many others should be making the effort!

#### ROWING

This year our numbers increased by six, bringing us up to a full strength of ten oarsmen. Nevertheless, rowing this season has been hampered, as usual, by two limitations; the hazardous British weather, and the short amount of time available in an afternoon games period. Even so, Eton Excelsior Rowing Club eagerly welcomes new members, and four of us, namely David Morris, Tony Biebuyck, Martin Baker and myself have been regularly attending on Sunday mornings and certain evenings in the week. Under the coaching of Colin Oakley, the club vice-captain, a school four has appeared on the river on no less than six occasions at the time of writing. Our ultimate goal, of course, is to enter some regattas, and we hope to do this during the summer. As only one member of the crew will be leaving school this term, we need only one keen recruit next term to be assured of at least one school crew for the whole of next season. With this in mind, I can safely say that during the 1963-4 season, rowing successes will rank among the many other sporting honours the school has achieved.

D. E. GARNER.

### NEWS FROM THE OLD BOYS

[The Editors are conscious of the inadequacy of this section but have great difficulty in getting Old Boys to keep in touch.]

Our congratulations go to:

Barry Garner (1947-55) on his appointment to a lectureship in Economics at the University of Leeds;

D. Colin Jones (1947-55) for gaining his doctorate for research in Physical Chemistry at Bristol University;

Lewis Goldfine (1948-55) on his medical research fellowship at John Hopkins University Hospital at Baltimore, U.S.A.;

Ian Simmons (1950-56) who has a lectureship in Geography at Durham University.

We were glad to hear news from:

James Barker (1952-59) who is training to be a Hospital Administrator and plans to get married this August;

James Clarke (1951-59) who was married last year and is working in Nottingham;

David Harding (1951-59) who has just taken his Diploma of Education at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford and starts teaching Mathematics at Lancing College in September;

Michael Holliday (1954-60) who is now studying at Loughborough College;

John Pywell (1954-59) who is at Shoreditch Training College and was working on the school extensions with David Harding during his Easter vacation;

Anthony Lucas-Smith (1952-60) who takes his degree this summer and plans to teach Physics;

Alan West (1951-59) who having graduated is now enjoying life as a 'programmer' with I.C.I.

#### LETTER FROM BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY

There are four ex-S.G.S. boys up at Birmingham, or Brum as it is affectionately known, at the present time. They are: Charley Tyrie, in his third year in Civil Engineering, Bill Osborne, third year Mechanical Engineering, Peter (Sam) Serjent, first year Electrical Engineering and Peter Skillings, first year Physics. Here are a few points about our University which should be made clear to any potential Brummies. The University itself is predominantly Redbrick and proud of it, and is one integrated unit in its own grounds. We are several miles from the city centre, in a mainly residential area, and the air we breathe is pure, tainted on occasions with chocolate from Cadbury's, but never smoke or soot laden. We have excellent Union facilities and all the amenities of a big city at our disposal. The city itself has some remarkable architectural achievements, some antique, some futuristic. There are areas of extreme poverty and some of magnificence. In short Birmingham University is a thoroughly recommendable institution.

P.F.S.

#### OLD PALUDIANS FOOTBALL SECTION

The season, although marred by the bad weather, was a highly successful one for all of our teams, the training facilities provided by the school being instrumental in this success.

The 1st XI won the Senior Division and were runners-up in the Slough Town Senior Cup Final. They were well led during the season by M. Gillham and although the emphasis was on teamwork B. Antill was sufficiently outstanding to be selected for the Old Boys' League 'B' XI.

The 2nd XI, in their first season in Division One West, did very well to finish runners-up, playing mainly against other Clubs' 1st XI's. They were particularly well served by players such as R. Curry, M. Limmer, P. Willis and L. Greenaway, whilst J. Carter topped the goal scoring with thirty-four goals.

The 3rd XI finished fourth in Division Three West, a fine performance in their first season in this Division.

The Old Pals' Football Club would like to take this opportunity in emphasising that their success can only be maintained by a steady influx of minors into senior football. Players wishing to join the club should contact the secretary, Mr. J. Tebbitt.

#### OLD PALUDIANS HOCKEY CLUB

We are pleased to report an enjoyable but short season. In all there were 25 matches lost through bad weather. The first eleven captained for the last time by Derek Werrel played 17 games, Won 6, Drew 2 and Lost 9, Graham Holmes, Kevin Melia and John May leading the goalscorers with five each. The 2nd XI were the most successful of the three, winning 7, drawing 3 and losing 7 of the 17 games played. The season finished very well with four wins. The return of Neville Shave added power to the forward line and he, in fact, ended up as top goalscorer. The third eleven consisting really of schoolboys Won 2, Drew 1 and Lost 8 of the 11 games played. Notable players from the school were Walker, Sharpouse, Stenning (I.) and Roberts (G.). We would like to welcome more schoolboys into our ranks and any boy interested is urged to contact Geoff Roberts who will give him the necessary details about summer coaching and other facilities which our ground at Taplow provides.

DEREK WEBB.

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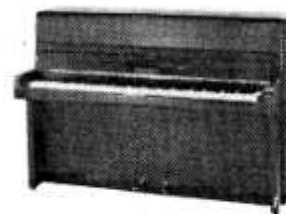
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